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WOODROW WILSON

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Issue Joined

AFTER much hemming and hawing, the Democrats rose to the occasion at Baltimore and nominated their strongest candidate. Granting the probability of the election this year of any reputable statesman who could hold substantially the full support of his party, there can be no doubt that WOODROW WILSON will poll at least half a million more votes than any other whose name was presented for consideration.

The nomination of a conservative, however liberal-minded, would have served only to open the door to Mr. ROOSEVELT. A "dark horse" would have been laughed off the track. Mr. BRYAN himself was a hack. Intelligent choice, therefore, was restricted to Speaker CLARK, the sturdy representative of the Old Order, and Governor WILSON, the virile champion of the New. The basis of Mr. CLARK'S majority in the convention was appreciation of true worth and services rendered, supplemented by strong personal attachments. The foundation of Mr. WILSON'S two-thirds was the feeling that he was a winner, enhanced by admiration of his exceptional intellectual capacity, consideration of his freedom from entanglements, and respect for his moral courage. As between the two, the correctness of the ultimate decision, from the standpoint of availability, is beyond question. If the Democrats cannot elect WOODROW WILSON, they could not elect anybody.

No Democratic national canvass since JACKSON'S has been inaugurated more auspiciously. The points of vantage may be summarized briefly as follows:

A Democratic year. The people are disgusted with the Republican party and eager for a change.

Disruption of the opposition. The differences of the two wings, for the first time since the Republican party was born, are irreconcilable.

An open and honest convention. In marked contrast with the doings at Chicago, there was at Baltimore no arbitrary action on behalf of one candidate and no suggestion of bribery in the interest of another.

The main issue. At last the line is sharply drawn between excessive protection and a revenue tariff.

An unpledged candidate. Nobody pretends that Mr. WILSON is under the slightest obligation to any man or group of men for his nomination.

Elimination of bosses. So far from catering to those accustomed to control, Mr. WILSON defied them. He had not hesitated to denounce Mr. MURPHY, Mr. SULLIVAN, and Mr. TAGGART by name. His sole appeal was to Public Opinion.

Removal of the blight of Bryanism. Mr. WILSON owes nothing to the marplot who schemed to obtain the nomination for himself. Nor is he bound in any way to recognize the vagaries which for so long have discredited the party in the estimation of the country.

Independent support. Almost without exception, the powerful public journals have already pledged the exercise of their utmost endeavors on behalf of the Democratic standard-bearer.

Moral sentiment. The wide-spread revulsion of conscientious citizens against political depravity which Mr. ROOSEVELT has tried with consummate skill to capitalize for his own advancement now inures to the advantage of Governor WILSON, to the great relief of millions who distrusted ROOSEVELT but knew not where else to turn.

A vivid personality. Mr. WILSON has demonstrated matchless power of effective appeal to the masses generally, and to active, enthusiastic, younger men in particular. This means that his canvass will be surcharged with the same electrical, persuasive energy which achieved his nomination.

Such are some of the weighty influences whose tacit recognition has already induced a common belief that Mr. WILSON'S election is a virtual certainty. It is our own prudent judgment, uninfluenced by the billowy enthusiasm of the moment, that he will win. And yet the possibilities ever attendant upon the performance of a great political drama are not to be ignored with impunity. Many a Democrat has been elected in July, only to be buried under an avalanche of votes in November. Mr. TAFT'S prospects are now at their lowest ebb. First driven by treachery and shameful abuse to the extreme of undignified personal defense, then fought with unexampled bitterness in his contest for a deserved renomination, and now confronting not only an open detachment from his own ranks, but also a most resourceful and daring Democratic opponent, his record of accomplishments upon which he must ultimately rely is for the moment eclipsed. But the fact that few Presidents have rendered more valuable service under trying conditions remains. Mr. TAFT'S fidelity, his conscientious endeavors, his singleness of unselfish purpose, his purity of intent, his notable achievements, are forgotten only for the time. They will be recalled with gratitude and emphasized with effect.

The value of experience to the mind of the country also is to be reckoned with. Since 1884 no man who had not rendered service in the Federal government has been elected President. May it not be possible that, in the final judgment, the advantages necessarily derived from actual practice will be accorded serious consideration? How thoroughly the people are convinced of the practical efficiency of President TAFT'S policies and methods with respect to our present problems is undoubtedly a question, but such as they are they at least stand revealed by application, and are no longer subjects of speculation or foolish fears. The temper of the people, we take it, is now strong for change, even though it be experimental, but craving for novelty often subsides under the proverbial sober second thought.

As a matter of history, moreover, nobody since JACKSON has been elected President who did not hold the confidence of that great and powerful group commonly referred to as the business men of the country. If there is any serious menace to the present glowing prospects of Governor WILSON, we should say that it lies in apprehension of official acts, springing from praiseworthy aspirations, which might tend to retard restoral of general prosperity. That Mr. WILSON will avail himself of the first opportunity to make evident that there is no real cause for such solicitude may, however, in our judgment, be assumed with confidence.

Finally, the Republican party is not dead. Though seemingly sleeping for the moment, it will soon be as wide awake and determined to win as ever before in its successful career. And it is still the strongest, most compact, best equipped, and most skilfully directed political organization the world has ever known.

The menace of ROOSEVELT, we rejoice to believe, is removed, but none can gainsay that his activities will inject a new and perplexing factor into the contest. Will his candidacy serve only to weaken Mr. TAFT, or will it attract a sufficient number of radicals from both parties to upset all calculations? These are pregnant questions to which, in our opinion, answers cannot now be made with any degree of certainty.

One feature of the situation at least is peculiarly gratifying. In view of the sharply defined issues and the repute of the two leading candidates, there is every reason to expect that this will be a campaign of ideas which, though illuminative and exhilarating, will be conducted upon a high plane and kept free from personalities such as in times past have reflected discredit upon American citizenship.

Is There a Platform?

Neither Baltimore nor Chicago did much honor to that conventional necessity, the platform. Both, apparently, thought it necessary, but both indisputably found it disagreeable. Baltimore put it off as long as possible, and to an hour when it could not possibly get any serious attention. Then, after a week devoted to nominating a candidate for President, the convention gave over a minute or two to "adopting" a lengthy series of principles and pledges, dealing with pretty nearly everything, which practically nobody had heard.

What, under the circumstances, does such a document amount to? Does it, in fact, amount to anything? Ought it to be considered really binding on anybody? These, we fear, are questions which in most minds will come ahead of any consideration of the merits of the document itself; and that view of the matter was certainly encouraged by the action of the convention itself in deliberately subordinating the platform to the candidate. The force of these facts we are bound to acknowledge. We do not, however, call attention to them as a sufficient reason why, notwithstanding that there *is* a platform, it ought to be ignored. They constitute, rather, a convincing exposure of our shirking, careless, happy-go-lucky way of making platforms. They are an argument for either greater care and courage with such documents or else dispensing with them. For the platform, however carelessly put together, cannot be entirely ignored. It always, sooner or later, demands and secures attention. A good many people will always consider it binding. The opposing party always attacks it. Those responsible for it, when they find out what it is, also find themselves forced to defend it. In the long run, it always has an appreciable influence on the course of the party which is, however unwittingly, formally and regularly committed to it.

The moralizing may seem too general; but the matter is of great and thoroughly practical importance. A great party, with every prospect of coming into power, has gone through a form of making pledges to the country. It is of the utmost moment, both to the country and the party, whether, and in what degree, those pledges shall be binding. If platforms are indeed to be binding, then conventions must give some attention to them. Delegates must at least be permitted to know what they are promising. If platforms are not to be binding, or if they are to be framed haphazard and adopted in ignorance of their contents, then the vicious and confusing practice of having them cannot be too soon abolished.

If So, What?

Such considerations should, we think, come before any criticism of the platform actually "adopted" at Baltimore. After all, the main question about the document is as to its probable effect on the future actions of the party and on the history of the country, and that, of course, will depend very largely on the degree in which it really stands for the convictions and purposes of the mass of Democrats. It is practically valid in proportion to its truth as a statement of those convictions and purposes.

From that point of view its leading declaration is valid enough; there can hardly be a question of its validity. As to the tariff, the will of the mass of Democrats was abundantly and clearly manifest long before the resolutions committee sat down to express it. They expressed it fairly well in the plank they wrote about it. But it had already been expressed by the votes of millions of Democrats at the polls and by the definite and unequivocal acts of the Democratic House of Representatives. The commitment is complete, as it should be. It will bind the party, and the country thoroughly understands it. So far, excellent; for that is the leading issue.

There are other planks of which the same view must be taken; such, for instance, as those concerning the pending amendments to the Constitution. The party is unmistakably for an income tax and for direct elections of Senators. It is almost as authoritatively committed also to a single term for Presidents. On that point, though action has been delayed, opinion has been sufficiently tested. And so with several other not unimportant pronouncements.

There remain, however, various pronouncements, good, bad, and indifferent, concerning which so much cannot be said. Perhaps the most important of these, and one of the worst, is the one on banking and currency. It is pretty bad; but it is also extremely weak. Its weakness and vagueness mitigate its badness, for they keep it from meaning what it probably aimed to mean. The gentlemen of the subcommittee in charge of the platform declare that the party is opposed to "the so-called ALDRICH bill for the establishment of a central bank"; but according to the most competent opinion there is no such measure. It is the object of the ALDRICH bill to federalize the banks of the country, much as the country is now federalized under

the Constitution. It would be about as logical and clear to oppose the Constitution itself as a measure "for the establishment of a central despotism." These gentlemen in substance say that the party opposes the bill if it is what they think it is—which it pretty obviously isn't. The commitment is defective. They also express, for the party, an opinion that we ought to mitigate panics "by temporary relief in localities," and that is a very childish proposal; but at any rate it does not commit anybody against really serious measures to ward off panics altogether. We hardly think that Democrats intelligently interested in the reform of currency and banking will feel themselves estopped by anything in the entire pronouncement.

On the whole, the platform, such as it is, and adopted as it was, might have been worse—as well as more authoritative. We repeat, it probably *will* be heard of. In the long run, and in some degree, it will probably count. But the main things for the country to consider are the candidates that have been named and the mind of the party as expressed in these nominations, in the records of its representatives, and through the ordinary means of voicing public opinion.

Meeting Things

Getting out his fine-tooth comb, the Colonel scratched his head for an issue and found a big one. It is the High Cost of Living. "Some think the trusts are to blame," he said, "and some the tariff, and," he added, firmly, "this is a matter which must be squarely met." It must, indeed. The Colonel met the Trusts years ago and they were his, but his acquaintance with the Tariff is yet to be made. So far, he has always seen it first.

Patriotism, Even in Politics

Both at Chicago and at Baltimore most of the noise was made by the self-seeking and the notoriety-seeking. That was strictly as usual. Such men are always conspicuous, inescapable. But at neither place were they the only men present. At both places there were men quietly working and thinking for the entire party, not for themselves. At both places there were even men who were working and thinking for the welfare of the whole country. Let us not forget them. For both parties and for the whole country they did good work, and it counted and will continue to count. They are our consolation and our refuge and our hope, and there is no evidence that the number of them is lessening.

Patriotism is not dead. It is merely quiet by preference. That has always been its habit. The other thing unhappily exists, and will always exist, but it is always, let us be happy in remembering, noisier than it is strong.

Stupefaction

I have been perfectly amazed at the responses from all over the country since the nomination of WILSON. —*The Colonel.*

That man is always getting amazed at something. Fortunately it doesn't take so much to astound him now as it used to.

A Legalized Absurdity, and Worse

Yet another time the electoral college is a source of confusion and uncertainty! The failure of that device of the fathers is already monumental, but apparently we have not yet realized the full extent of it.

This time the trouble comes about through the pretension of certain followers of ROOSEVELT that he is the true Republican candidate for President. As we understand Colonel ROOSEVELT's own statements, he wishes his new party to be entirely distinct from the Republican, with a different name, a different organization, and a membership wholly its own, to which even Democrats are invited to contribute. Yet he has done nothing to rebuke or check those of his followers who, claiming to be still Republicans, would subvert to his interest the Republican machinery in certain of the States where they control it. Their design, as announced, is very simple. In the States concerned they have either named or propose to name as candidates for electors on the Republican ticket men who, if chosen, will vote, not for TAFT, but for the Progressive candidate, Colonel ROOSEVELT.

The plan is indeed simple, and one can easily see that it is disingenuous and dishonest. But that, unfortunately, is not the really practical question about it. Is it demonstrably illegal? Is there a clearly practicable way to defeat it? That is the very serious question now presented to the Republican managers. It is idle to say that such a question ought not to arise at all. The law is antiquated and impossible, based on a theory that has never worked, and so long as we retain it we must expect to encounter just such troublesome absurdities as this.

As to the right and wrong of the matter, there is one precedent which might well be controlling. In 1876, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was chosen one of the Republican electors of Massachusetts. After the election he was, it is said, gradually convinced that TILDEN had carried the country and ought to be seated. He was strongly moved and strongly urged to vote for him in the electoral college. But after grave reflection he felt that he was under an imperative moral obligation, since he had himself been fairly elected as a Republican, to vote as he had been chosen to vote. Unfortunately, however, it is not every elector who is governed, as LOWELL was, by considerations based on honor and morality.

Query

Well, well, well! THOMAS WOODROW WILSON and THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL!

Anybody can beat the tomtom, but how about the TOM-TOM Ticket?

Unfortunate, Let Us Hope

The country, we believe, has been inclined to think very well of Secretary MAC VEAGH. The smaller public which is acquainted with the record of his assistant secretary, Dr. A. PIATT ANDREW, has also thought very well of him. Both have seemed the right sort of men for their work, and have been classed among the President's fortunate appointments. But they have fallen out and apart and said hard things of each other.

We trust the incident will be found merely "unfortunate," for in that case both will have been for the most part mistaken. It is fortunate only if one of them is right in what he has said about the other, and if either is right the case is an ugly one. The facts, we suppose, will have to be fully investigated, and the blame placed where it should be. Meanwhile, however, we should like to believe that this is another of the not very rare instances in which two worthy men have failed to get along together and have in anger magnified their differences.

A Wise Selection

Governor MARSHALL is a first-class second-place man. The mere fact that he licked TAGGART and defied BRYAN entitled him to recognition. He also hails from the right place. The Democrats couldn't have done better.

Marathon Politicians

In the case of Mr. BRYAN we see again, what Mr. ROOSEVELT has made so apparent, the defect in our institutions for provision for Marathon politicians of inconvenient size. We have had enough both of Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT as aspirants for the Presidency. We don't want electors for either of them on the Presidential ballots ever again. But there they are each with a Presidential advertisement of great price, and each with that Marathon disposition that always sees the tape of private life still leagues ahead, and means to keep going as long as there is a puff of wind left in his body. To these perennial statesmen public questions easily become a means to a personal end. And the end is such a jostling, inconvenient one! If they were officially employed it might be better—in the Senate, say, where they would be part of the government. But no ex-President since JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has seen in Congress an opportunity that tempted him. Neither Mr. BRYAN nor Mr. ROOSEVELT seems at all attracted by Congressional duties. For the latter of them at least there is but one attractive government job, the one at the top. Failing to reach that, there is danger that they will bob up incessantly as upsetters of the political peace; would-bes, whose constant effort is not to be neglected, traders with unrest, and connivers at disturbance.

Joyful 'tis, 'tis True

When Grandbrother LYMAN ABBOTT took the contract to the White House for signature, he that was there crossed out the "five" before "years" and said, "Make it four." It begins to look now as if he might safely have gone the limit. Those who choose themselves are seldom called.

Not on the Front Page

Lost, strayed, or stolen—one war and two revolutions. Also various crises in various foreign countries. Finder will please restore same to the front pages of the American newspapers, the latter having for some weeks been decidedly overfilled with certain doings at Chicago and Baltimore. There are, it is true, other pages in the papers, and possibly the important items mentioned may have been hidden there all along; but Americans generally have got out of the habit of looking for anything not begun on the first page and not pertaining to politics. Up-to-date information in the line of murders and other casualties is also beginning to be demanded. Thefts and robberies not so desirable, the supply of these not having been interrupted. The society column has already been rediscovered. Nothing more wanted in the line of oratory, roll-calls, or rulings from the chair. The stock reports are again in evidence, with but one new stock on the lists. It is styled "Progressive Prospects," and is reported "weak and uncertain."

A Correction

The *World*, not Katy, did it.

A Job for Grown-ups

Colonel ROOSEVELT opened a number of letters and he had a great pile before him. He picked one at random and read a paragraph. It was from State Senator SALSON of Big Gap, West Virginia, and he wrote, "I have come over."

SAL'S son is not to be sneezed at, of course, but in the words of the colored brother who beseeched the Lord for help at the time of the Charleston earthquake this ain't no works for boys. How about the old man?

Three of a Kind

Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are the foremost of the older universities of the country. Harvard, after furnishing two Presidents, went seventy-seven years without knocking at the White House door, and then got in for seven years. Then Yale, for the first time, knocked successfully, and now—tat-tat-tat!—it seems to be Princeton's turn. The sequence is curious, and suggests that these venerable endowed universities are not, after all, so much out of touch with the national life as some of their critics like to think. What is further remarkable is that these three universities, all representing the same general idea of secondary education, should this year furnish the three leading candidates for the Presidency. The men are absolutely different, and they stand for unlike political ideas, but they are all from the same general social plane, and they all got their rudiments from like sources.

Don't Snicker, Boys

He once was THEODORE, then Third-term; now Tee-tee will do nicely.

Hot-weather Accidents

A real chapter of accidents has opened July; people spilled from the sky in very unusual number, two very bad railroad accidents with four or five score killed, and the usual, or rather more than the usual, patter of automobile casualities and drownings. Heat has to do with all these disastrous incidents. The dreadful Lackawanna accident seems to have been due to the passing of signals by an inattentive engineer, made inattentive, very likely, by exhausting weather. There are days when everything ought to slow up because human energies are universally lowered. Unhappily time-tables take no note of such days, and the effort to make time goes on with an impaired capacity for concentration of mind and speed.

The Hardest Hole

Mr. TAFT still has one to play.

Conclusion

I

We venture to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate WOODROW WILSON as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention in 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 28, 1908.*

III

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

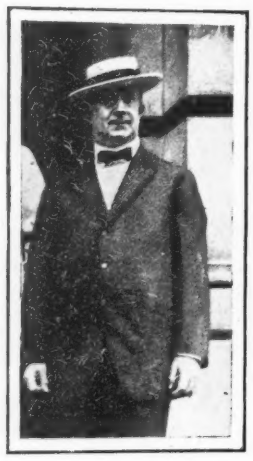
IV

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. WILSON'S majority will be forty thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

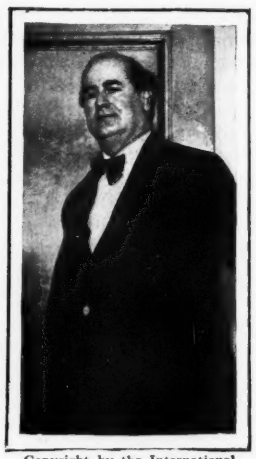
V

We now fully anticipate the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against WILLIAM H. TAFT, Republican candidate.—*Harper's Weekly of November 19, 1910.*

We end this series of prophecies with a prediction that WOODROW WILSON will be duly elected President of the United States in November next.



THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION



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If Mr. Bryan had not remained in Chicago to increase his stock of worldly goods by writing pieces for the papers, the course of the proceedings in Baltimore would have been quite different. He, and not Judge Parker, would have been the temporary chairman of the convention, and the bitter struggle which was inaugurated on the first day would have been postponed. That it would have been precipitated upon some other pretext later, however, may be taken for granted. There was no secret about Mr. Bryan's aspiration. While expressing a willingness to acquiesce in the nomination of either Speaker Clark or Governor Wilson, or of any one of several Progressives whom he named, it was Mr. Bryan's hope that conditions would arise resulting in his own nomination. We do not assert that Mr. Bryan expressed this hope; we do say that he vouchsafed his willingness to accept the honor if it should come to him as a natural outcome of the circumstances. Inasmuch as he really considered that the recognition was his just due, and as he had never barred himself from acceptance, his position cannot be fairly criticized.

It was but natural, however, that, holding this view, he should welcome, as he did welcome, dissensions which might give rise to the desired result. The proposal of Judge Parker by the National Committee as temporary chairman of the convention afforded his first opportunity, and he made the most of it in the short period which elapsed between his arrival in Baltimore on Sunday night and the assembling of the convention at noon on Tuesday; but the time was too short to enable him to make personal appeal to a sufficient number of friendly delegates to accomplish his purpose. He was obliged perforce to rely upon personal directions from Speaker Clark and Governor Wilson to their supporters that they should co-operate with Mr. Bryan. Governor Wilson promptly complied, upon the theory advanced by Mr. Bryan that a convention dominated by Progressives should have a Progressive as its chairman. Speaker Clark took the ground that there was no exigency demanding repudiation of the National Committee's choice, and that consequently it should be approved in the interest of harmony. Although Mr. Clark took no personal part in the controversy, his refusal to accede to Mr. Bryan's request was construed as evincing a willingness that delegates favorable to his nomination should act in conformity with their own judgment; and approximately two hundred and fifty of them voted to uphold the National Committee.

Their doing so with Mr. Clark's tacit consent constituted the pretext upon which Mr. Bryan subsequently launched his terrific tirade against the New York delegates and broke his own instructions from the Democrats of Nebraska to support Mr. Clark's candidacy. It was the daring act of a desperate man. Mr. Clark's votes had increased steadily until he had a clear majority which he was holding firm. Mr. Bryan knew that at any moment the unbroken tradition of the party to accord the requisite two-thirds to any candidate having received a majority might be observed. His only hope of preventing the nomination lay in imposing conditions which could not be complied with, and in coincidently discrediting Mr. Clark. This he did at the critical moment in the remarkable speech in which he declared that no Democrat should feel bound to support a candidate whose nomination was achieved through the aid of the New York delegation, and that he himself should disregard his own instructions. He did not directly accuse Mr. Clark of having made a discreditable alliance, but his implication to that effect was plain. In view of the facts that Mr. Bryan had professed the warmest friendship and the utmost respect for Mr. Clark, who had been his own ardent supporter through his entire political career, and that he had been instructed by his own constituents to do everything in his power to achieve Mr. Clark's nomination, it is not surprising that Mr. Clark should have regarded Mr. Bryan's act as perfidious. Mr. Bryan himself, realizing the danger of alienating thousands of his former friends throughout the West, made various attempts to explain, but his excuses were so paltry and disingenuous that they availed little. Subsequent outpourings of indignation, indeed, indicate clearly that Mr. Bryan then and there forfeited for all time the loyalty of a very large proportion of those who had been his stanchest adherents.

The desired effect, however, had been achieved. Mr. Clark had been eliminated from the contest. There remained only Governor Wilson to be disposed of. In view of the determined opposition of the Conservatives to him, this task seemed comparatively easy. Mr. Bryan sought to accomplish it by proposing other candidates and continuing the deadlock. Unhappily for the success of his project, the Conservative leaders had begun to quarrel among themselves, and the cohesive opposition to Governor Wilson's candidacy, upon which Mr. Bryan relied, slowly disintegrated. The climax came when Senator Bankhead, following Mr. Roger Sullivan's transference of the vote of Illinois from the Clark to the Wilson column, not only released the Underwood delegates, but plainly suggested that they throw their strength to Governor Wilson.

This brought the climax and the end. Mr. Bryan had overreached himself; the Conservative leaders had failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to nominate Mr. Clark when it lay within their power to do so, and the nomination for President was handed to Governor Wilson upon a silver platter, unaccompanied by obligation of any kind to anybody.

The temporary chairmanship

"You first, Alphonse!"
"No, Gaston, I insist on you taking it!"

That, in a nutshell, is the whole story of the Baltimore convention. The outcome, from the standpoint of the nominee, could not have been more satisfying. Never was a nomination achieved more creditably. The young men—notably Mr. McCombs, Mr. Davies, and Mr. McAdoo, acting constantly under advisement of the more experienced Mr. Hudspeth—who directed Governor Wilson's canvass wisely forebore from intriguing, and concentrated all efforts upon arousing public sentiment and in picking up votes here, there, and everywhere. Their purpose was single and their enthusiasm sincere. This fact counterbalanced largely their numerical disadvantage at the beginning. Speaker Clark's supporters were even more devoted, but they lacked resolution and suffered sadly from discordant leadership. Nobody knew who was really in charge and contradictory orders were the rule, rather than the exception. A fair illustration of the confusion is afforded by the true account of Mr. Clark's first hurried visit to Baltimore. The Speaker's real purpose in going to the convention city was not merely to consult his friends. He was summoned peremptorily by Mr. Dubois and Mr. George Fred Williams to appear before the convention and make response in person to Mr. Bryan's attack upon his good name. He responded reluctantly but like a soldier, and while en route by motor formulated the speech which he expected to deliver.

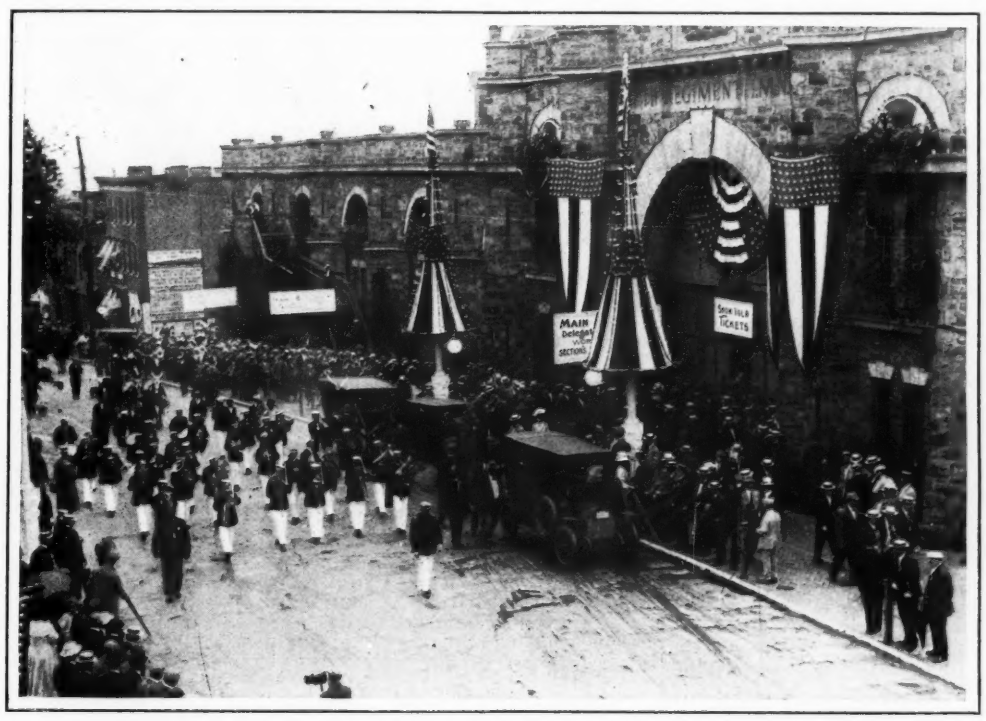
Meanwhile Senator Stone, acting upon his own initiative, had arranged with the representatives of the other candidates to adjourn the convention

The Chairman's attention shouldn't be diverted while he is pounding for order

at eleven o'clock. Only half an hour before the time fixed he was informed that Mr. CLARK was on his way. Imagine the dismay of both Mr. STONE and Mr. DUBOIS—of the former, because he felt that Mr. CLARK'S unprecedented appearance, likely to result in a rancorous colloquy with Mr. BRYAN, would be fatal to his chances; of the latter, because of his belief that no other possible way of holding the CLARK forces in line remained; of both, because their intermeddling might serve only to make the Speaker appear in a ridiculous plight!

Meanwhile the motor was approaching rapidly, and it was a question of minutes whether the arrival of Mr. CLARK would precede or follow the dropping of the gavel. All recognized, of course, that his appearance immediately after adjournment would be ludicrous. Finally Chairman JAMES was let into the secret and, taking matters into his own hands, hastened the proceedings. Simultaneously the DUBOIS-WILLIAMS contingent, in frenzy of excitement and apprehension, headed off the automobile and guided Mr. CLARK to a hotel. Again on the following day, Sunday, after Mr. CLARK had returned to Washington, solicitations that he appear in person on Monday were renewed, but to no effect. The Speaker had had enough of contentious management and flatly refused to consider any further proposals.

"They're off!"



Crowds besieging the Convention Hall

Even worse confounded was the Conservative leadership. While ostensibly co-operating, one with another, to prevent the nomination of a radical, Mr. TAGGART was playing a deep game for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. SULLIVAN was squinting every way for Sunday to save his own bacon, Mayor FITZGERALD was muddling things in the remote hope of landing Foss, the HARMON men were fluking to CLARK on a single ballot and then back with a stolid thump, and Senator BANKHEAD was on pins and needles lest Mr. UNDERWOOD should be left in an untenable position at the finish. Mr. MURPHY alone seemed to know his own mind sufficiently well to pursue an undeviating course. Having convinced himself, after ten ballots, that neither HARMON nor UNDERWOOD could win, he threw the New York vote to CLARK and kept it there to the end. All this, of course, greatly facilitated the work of the young WILSON men who knew precisely what they wanted and refused to be led off into byways or among hedges.

The inevitable consequence was that whatever scars remained at the close of the conflict were upon the bodies of the defeated. The UNDERWOOD vote had been hanging hopelessly around a hundred when Mr. CLARK achieved a majority. Senator BANKHEAD could then have secured CLARK'S nomination, as subsequently he did secure WILSON'S, by swinging the delegates to the leading column. Hence the wrath of the CLARK men when finally he did discriminate in favor of the Governor; hence Mr. UNDERWOOD'S prompt disavowal of personal responsibility for Mr. BANKHEAD'S act; and hence the probable cessation of intimate friendly relations between the Speaker and the leader of the House.

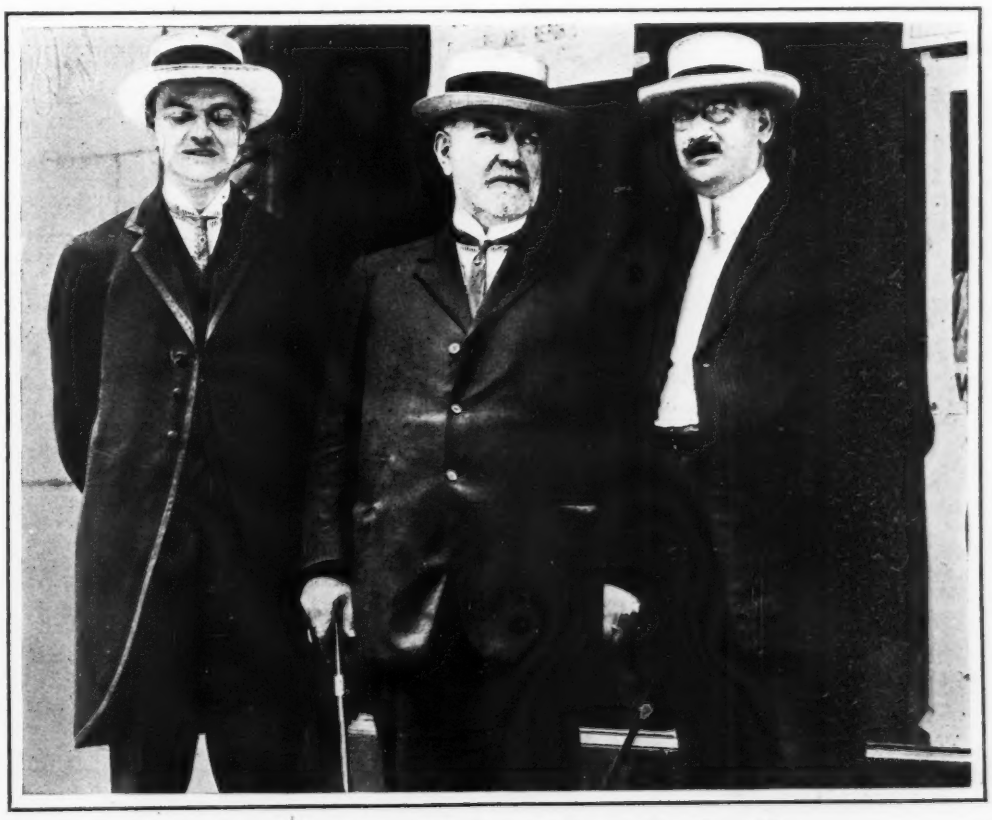
Mr. SULLIVAN'S flop from the candidate who received a majority of 140,000 at the Illinois primaries has been attributed to the intercession of his son through the medium of an adoring mother. It is a pretty story of the triumph of family devotion, lofty ideals, and delicate sensibilities, but the facts do not jibe. The truth is that Mr. SULLIVAN was playing fast and loose on the side from the beginning, and had no more intention of nominating WILSON than he had of flying. Of course, after it was all over he was only too ready to take full credit for his burst of patriotic fervor and hastened to Sea Girt to receive thanks. Governor WILSON'S smiling response to the effect that he "should not soon forget *Illinois*" may have disillusioned him as to Mr. WILSON'S understanding of the situation. Mr. TAGGART is in another self-constructed box of like model.

The whole batch of bosses, indeed, from BRYAN down, went home discredited and disgruntled, without claim to recognition or hope of favors to come. They may have a lingering suspicion that pledges of eager service and personal kotowing will save some crumbs. If so, they are doomed to grievous disappointment—for which praised be the Lord! There will not soon be another Democratic convention in which four or five men can cast a third of the total vote as represented by dummies. Indeed, you need not be surprised if there is never another national convention of any kind. The primary system has been farcical in operation so far, but it holds the germ of government truly representative of the people, and a period of four years is ample for the remedying of defects already revealed by experience.

The men who showed to most signal advantage in the convention are Senator JAMES, Mr. PALMER of Pennsylvania, Mayor BAKER of Cleveland, Mr. STANCHFIELD of New York, Mr. BELL of California, and Mr. FLOOD of Virginia. The big Senator from Kentucky is clearly the Abou-ben-adhem of the list, but looking to the future the reader will not go far astray if he sticks a pin through the name BAKER.

We guess that Brother BRYAN will soon leave us for a protracted period of study and recreation in foreign parts.

Baltimore? Never again!



D. F. Malone, Senator O'Gorman, and Congressman Fitzgerald

"READY TO RIDE AND SPREAD THE ALARM
THROUGH EVERY MIDDLESEX VILLAGE AND FARM"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The Two Colonels

HOW THE MILITARY GENIUS OF OYSTER BAY AND THE LINCOLN MASTER OF STRATEGY HAVE CAPITALIZED PATRIOTISM TO THEIR PROFIT

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

MANY readers of this journal will remember a cartoon printed a few years ago when Colonel Roosevelt was in his glory. It represented Colonel Bryan on the bank of a stream, gracefully draped in a barrel, angrily shaking his fist at Colonel Roosevelt scurrying away with the clothes which Colonel Bryan had carelessly left unguarded when he went in swimming. Here I must protest against the discrimination always shown Colonel Roosevelt by the press at the expense of his *alter ego*. If Colonel Roosevelt is justified in the retention of his military title—and surely no one will want to deprive a man of such mighty valor of anything to which he is properly entitled—is Colonel Bryan, equally a man of heroic deeds, to have his laurels stolen? Did the one do that at which the other faltered? Did Colonel Roosevelt face the camera with more superb indifference than Colonel Bryan? Are there more photographs in existence of Colonel Roosevelt in full uniform, dripping gore, than of Colonel Bryan armed to the teeth, breathing slaughter? Did Colonel Roosevelt risk his life more frequently than Colonel Bryan? Did it require greater heroism on the part of Colonel Roosevelt to permit a colored regiment to do the fighting than it called for on the part of Colonel Bryan to refrain for two months from making speeches while waiting for the summons that never came? Shall the accident of a round robin give one man imperishable military fame and deprive the other of his just deserts?—especially as the other would have hatched out sixteen round robins to his rival's one if the salvation of the country had demanded it. It is only simple justice to Colonel Bryan that his brilliant military career shall not be forgotten.

But to return to Colonel Bryan on the bank of the stream. In those days he had frequent reason to complain of the appropriation of his property by the Colonel of Oyster Bay. Colonel Roosevelt, being lawless by nature, had a loose morality of *meum* and *tuum*. What he wanted he took without shame. Witness Panama. Not being gifted with originality or the constructive mind, Colonel Roosevelt found it convenient to make away with other men's ideas. Colonel Bryan, unlike Colonel Roosevelt, has an inventive mind, and the theories that Colonel Bryan emitted so freely Colonel Roosevelt took as his own, although he never gave Colonel Bryan credit for invention and used to sneer at the man to whom he was indebted as a visionary and unpractical. But it must be said to the credit of Colonel Bryan that, whatever his faults and vices, he never displayed that vice of being a "practical man," which Colonel Roosevelt practised so skilfully and the late Edward H. Harriman found so costly.

However far apart the two men were when they first began their political and public careers—and they were very far apart then, as each man viewed the other—the years that have intervened since they were first inflicted upon a sadly distracted country have brought them so close together that the one is simply an impression struck from the die of the other. They think so exactly alike that the one has come to look not unlike the other. Both have followed the same lines and reached the same end. Both have taken politics to the mint. Both were traditionally poor and traditionally honest when they heard the still small voice call to them to make a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism, and patriotism has turned a golden stream into their ever-outstretched hands. It has clothed them in purple and fine linen, it has built them garages and purchased automobiles, it has sent them jaunting around the world to hobnob with princes and potentates; it has, in a word, been so ably capitalized that those despicable "interests" which Mr. Roosevelt is forever running away from when he cannot run with them, and those satanic servants of Wall Street whose temptations Mr. Bryan finds so difficult to resist, stand in admiration of the two most successful promoters of their time. It used to be considered the acme of financial ability when a man could begin with a shoestring and end the proprietor of a tannery, but that required at least the capital to make the purchase of the initial shoestring. Here not even that minimum of capital was needed. Without the investment of a single dollar, these two eminent financial geniuses were able to persuade two rival and powerful syndicates that each had made a discovery which if commercially exploited would yield large returns. Mr. Bryan was the first to put his brand of patriotism on the market, although Mr. Roosevelt's backers were more enterprising and had a better advertising manager. When financial geniuses are concerned they not infrequently get what is vulgarly known as the swag, while the public holds the bag, and both the Colonels were able to induce the directors of their respective corporations to make a contract with them by which they were paid all the profits while the stockholders paid the expenses and stood the losses. Several times there have been severe losses—the public will remember especially the bad balance sheet of Mr. Roosevelt's concern in 1907, when there was talk of putting the company in the hands of a receiver—but as that is the stockholders' affair neither Colonel has ever worried when told by the treasurer that the year's operations showed a deficit. So to-day these financial magnates are near neighbors on Easy Street, and only the high price of gasolene makes them indignant when they think that the poor but honest "people" must give up their cars so as to have money enough left to buy the Roosevelt-Bryan brand of patriotism.

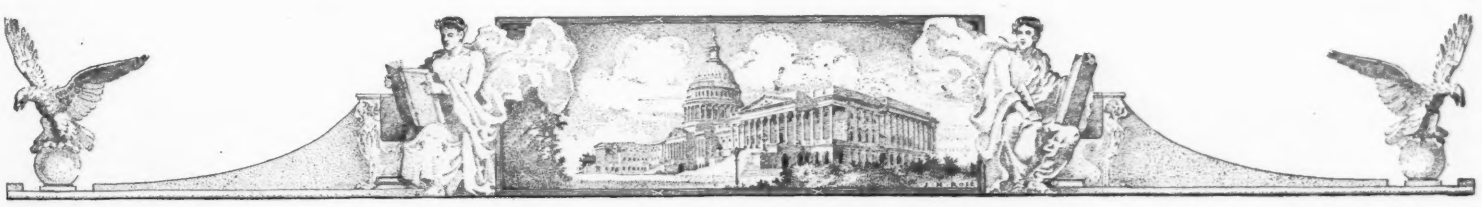
Colonel Roosevelt has taught Colonel Bryan many things, and Colonel Bryan has profited not a little by Colonel Roosevelt's teachings, but Colonel Bryan has the financial brains of the partnership. Colonel Bryan was a poor man with no rich connections when he offered himself as a silver-plated sacrifice, while Mr. Roosevelt had shown more discrimination in the selection of his father, and had never been forced to toil or spin or to worry where his next meal would come from. His High Mightiness of Lincoln is of the two probably the richer, but his Grandiloquence of Oyster Bay is not far behind him in the possession of vulgar wealth. Both have discovered that speech is golden, for words can be turned into coin at the rate of a dollar a word, or thereabouts, and while both are prolific in speech both are niggardly in spilling words unless there is first a certified check in their pockets. Carlyle foolishly observed that a man may have whatever thoughts he thinketh so long as he keeps them to himself, but that of course is ridiculous when "thoughts" can be thrown on the market for cash. The thought factories at Lincoln and Oyster Bay work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and still are unable to keep up with their orders. If Carlyle had applied for a job at the works at Lincoln or Oyster Bay he would have been sent to the cashier to get his time and his envelope after the first day.

Both the military genius of Oyster Bay and the master of strategy of Lincoln have pursued exactly the same course to reach the same end, which proves conclusively, if proof were needed, how profound is their knowledge, for when two men independently attempt the solution of a great problem and use the same formula in arriving at the conclusion, it shows their method is correct; but I must insist that priority of discovery belongs to Colonel Bryan, who has always blazed the trail for his sworn comrade in arms. The democratic commonwealth is the foodful nurse of ambition, says Burke, and Colonel Bryan, starved because his ambition was unsatisfied, determined to be nursed back to plenty at the exuberant breast of democracy. Only a genius could have made the priceless discovery Colonel Bryan did. It used to be imagined that the way to political success lay through the unification of one's party, but genius is always akin to audacity, and the great men are those who have made eggs stand on their ends instead of being content to see them lying on their sides. "Any numskull," Colonel Bryan must have said to himself when ambition was still starved, "can unite a party and suffer the ingratitude for which republics are notorious, but if I smash my party into pieces I can always keep a fragment for my very own." It was so simple that it was ridiculous no one else had thought of it, but then genius is ever simple and the greatest discoveries are the easiest—when they are made. Smash your party and you become the master of your party. Will it work? asked the silly, standpat, conservative scoffers, who always fight shy of everything new simply because it is new and has never been tried before. No need to ask whether it would work, for Colonel Bryan gave a demonstration that drove even the most skeptical to acknowledge doubt no longer possible. A party that was wind and water tight, that had withstood assaults both from within and without, was now nothing but a mass of débris. Would it work? Why, it worked so well that even Colonel Bryan was amazed by the destruction he wrought.

Now comes the other Colonel, suffering "from the attempts of ambition, one of the natural, inbred, incurable distempers of a powerful democracy," friend, partner, joint wrecker, and assistant promoter of the Alexander of the West, with brain less active, and audacity not so highly developed, but with ambition burning him as fiercely, who, seeing what his twin brother has done, has wit enough to imitate him. Colonel Roosevelt came into the Presidency with a united party behind him and went out with his party smashed into pieces. If any one thinks it was the accident of circumstance that made Colonel Roosevelt smash his party he may think again. It was done deliberately, for it was the one thing that would make it possible for the Oyster Bay Castor to retain his monopoly of the Republican brand of Patriotism, in the same way that the Lincoln Pollux was able to keep his command of the market. Had Colonel Roosevelt gone out from Washington on that fourth of March leaving behind him a happy and united party, he would simply have dropped into the dignified obscurity (if it is possible to conceive of dignity ever associating itself with Bombastes Furioso of Oyster Bay) of an ex-President, and there would have been a heavy fall in the price of speeches and writings, for Colonel Roosevelt as a speculative enterprise would have been last year's model; he would have sold as readily as a motor-car without fore-doors. Keep him up to date, let the public imagine he has all the latest improvements, and he will find purchasers. Mr. Taft, to use the simile, was the last word in construction, and Colonel Roosevelt, to keep his control, had to ruin his rival, and to ruin his rival he had to disrupt his party. Colonel Bryan had shown how easily it could be done. For sixteen years he had retained power, sixteen very profitable years, sixteen years that had seen Colonel Bryan rise from a poor man to one very comfortably off, in those sixteen years he had exercised tremendous power and had been treated with distinguished consideration both at home and abroad, for not only had he been nominated for the Presidency, which is the next thing to having been elected to the Presidency, but he always threatened as a future candidate and a possible President.

Both Colonels carry a spear that knows no brother when their brother will not bend his neck for them to step on. Both men are the brothers of all humanity when there is a step upward to be made and humanity can be used for their selfish purposes. Both men have shouted their delight to serve the people, and both men have made the people serve them for their own profit. John B. Stanchfield's characterization of Colonel Bryan in the democratic convention as a "selfish, money-grabbing, favor-seeking, office-chasing, publicity-hunting marplot"—perhaps the most savage attack ever delivered in a national convention—though severe, is none too harsh. Colonel Bryan has gone forward resistlessly to advance his own fortunes without regard for the injury he inflicted upon others. He has not hesitated to avail himself of the services of any man who could be of use to him, he has with even less hesitation cast over former friends when he believed they could no longer help him. Like his fellow-warrior, his conscience quickened when virtue paid larger profits than vice. Like Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel Bryan has served Mammon as long as Mammon drew the largest checks or controlled the most votes, and, like Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel Bryan has been the servant of righteousness when righteousness marshaled fifty-one per cent. of the campaign contributions or the voters. When Colonel Bryan needed Tammany support and Tammany money, Tammany was the people; when Colonel Bryan was indulging in his favorite occupation of office-chasing, Thomas Fortune Ryan was a Democrat in good standing, and there was no taint in accepting his checks; when Colonel Roosevelt saw New York slipping out of his hands he could without danger to his immaculate righteousness beg Mr. Harriman to raise a huge fund to save him from destruction; when money was needed Colonel Roosevelt could cajole, threaten, and make promises to the trusts, and when the campaign was over and the people had once more to be caressed and the trusts could with safety be cursed, Harriman and the rest of those who had come forward to aid him were kicked all over the place.

To the end the parallel is maintained. Colonel Roosevelt went to Chicago to give his orders and to be acclaimed a dictator, and he left the discredited bolter of a ridiculous faction. Colonel Bryan went to Baltimore to sweep down all opposition and for the fourth time to be fastened as a millstone around the neck of Democracy. He left disgraced and exposed.



A Talk with Governor Marshall

SOME INTERESTING OPINIONS ELICITED IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

By Charles Johnston

THE Democratic choice for Vice-President, Governor Marshall of Indiana, has a humane and gentle heart and a very attractive personality. Both qualities came out strongly in a talk which I had with him, not long ago, on affairs of State.

"We stand next to Massachusetts," said the Governor, "in our care for the humanities. Indiana has, besides the State prison and the State reformatory, a school for boys and a school for girls. You see, we leave 'reform' out of the title. We believe in giving the boy and the girl a chance, a real chance, without the handicap of a name that might later be cast up against them. For a boy to say he has been in the Indiana boys' school is one thing; for him to say that he had been in the State reform school would be quite another thing.

"You cannot take the dishonesty out of a man by legislative enactment. You cannot take the thirst out of a man by statute. You cannot take the meanness out of him by statute. You must take it out by loving him, by treating him as a brother. We have in Indiana the most humane system for the treatment of prisoners which the United States can show, a system which the International Society for the Reformation of Prisoners has taken as a model. The essence of it is brotherly love. If the prisoner is under thirty, we send him to the State reformatory. If he is over thirty, he is sent to the State prison; but we do not say to him, 'You must spend years here in jail until the penalty is paid!' and then send him out as a ticket-of-leave man, a convict with the brand of Cain on him and no one to be his brother's keeper. We take him on his merits, on his conduct in prison, on his character, and the signs in him of a genuine desire to reform and make a new start. And while he is in prison we make sure that he is taught some handicraft or learns some trade that will enable him to earn an honest living. Then, if he has made good in this way, we have him up before the Board of Paroles.

"People say that a man has only to apply to the Governor and that he will immediately be released. That is not so. Everything is weighed and only where there is evidence of a genuine desire and purpose to do right is he let out on parole. And even then he is only let out when some good and reputable man comes forward and undertakes to find him employment, promises to be a big brother to him. And then we try to watch over him and see that he gets a fair chance. A man wrote to me saying that he was out on parole and was not getting a fair chance. 'I am in a gang working under a contractor,' he said, 'and the men make my life a hell for me; they taunt me and call me a prison bird. Governor,' he wrote, 'take me back again and put me in prison. I would rather be back there again than have these men call me a prison bird.' So I sent for the contractor and said to him: 'You have promised to take care of this man and to give him protection. Very well; see that you give him protection.' The contractor went back and dismissed eight men because they had cast it up to this parole man that he was a prison bird. That is the spirit in which we try to deal with these men. Make them feel that they are men. Treat them like brothers. Treat them as you would like to be treated if you fell. I don't believe in the law of Moses, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' We are living under the New Testament: 'I tell you nay! Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' That is the new spirit, the spirit of Christ.

"I believe that the same spirit must be brought to bear on all our difficulties. Take the problem of the regulation of big business. To begin with, I do not like the phrase. It suggests a general condemnation. And I do not believe, and will never believe, that a man is a rascal merely because he is big. A man is a rascal when there is selfishness in his heart. That is the only sin. If the heart of the big man is full of selfishness, then he will be a rascal. But it is just the same with the little man. If there is selfishness in his heart, then he also will be a rascal. So I do not believe in indiscriminate condemnation. Take the other way of doing it. Treat the big man as a brother. Treat him as you would like to be treated yourself. Put it to him whether it is just and fair to try to cheat his neighbors; ask him whether his sense of honor allows him to do crooked things. Appeal to the man in him. It is always the first lie that costs, the first oath, the first crooked or unclean act. I have no use for the man who dons his Sunday best, clothes himself in white raiment, goes to church and says, 'Lord, I thank Thee I am not as other men!' when all the time he is doing crooked things and taking unfair advantages of his brothers. But do not call him a scoundrel, do not condemn. Appeal to the man in him, appeal to what is fine and generous, to his sense of honor. That is the true spirit, the spirit of healing.

"This is the danger of peace, that prosperity comes and ideals are hidden out of sight and lost. When a war comes, then every man of us is ready to fight for his ideals and die for them. If some foreign power were to attack this country and threaten to destroy our life, our liberty, our institutions, every one of us would fight and give his life, the big men and the little men alike. The generous and heroic spirit would come forth and burn like a fire in all our hearts and enkindle us into sacrifice and heroism. But there is grave danger in time of peace. People forget their ideals and think only of their pockets, their comfort. If it is going to cost him five dollars in cash to live up to his ideals, the man will think once or twice and 'save' the five dollars. I believe the cure for all that is to appeal to the generous and manly spirit in every man, and that you can bring men back again to right ideals. I believe we must go back to the first things, the good ideals with which this country began: the genuine love of liberty, the feeling of real brotherhood, the ardent hope for humanity, the faith in our holy destiny. The Constitution of this country secures to every man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. How many of us interpret that as meaning that we need not worship God at all?

"I do not want to think that the prophecies of the English writers of the mid-nineteenth century are going to be realized. They said, you know, that the United States was in danger because of our prosperity; for prosperity meant easily gotten riches and that meant that a class of men would come forward with their pockets full of money, ignorant men with no ideals in their hearts, an 'aristocracy' without the reverence for ancestors, the high tradition of duty, the keen sense of honor that English gentlemen have; and that this cheap and easy aristocracy would be the undoing of the United States. That is a prophecy I do not want to see fulfilled. But if it is not to be fulfilled, we must look to our ideals, we must look to our sense of honor, we must look to our real manhood. We must seek to do things, not in the spirit of Mammon, but in the spirit of Christ.

"With a proper reserve of the general condemnation suggested by the phrase 'big business,' let us consider the whole question. With the present tendency of things, there are only two possible results. Either we shall drift into a paternalistic despotism, which is what big business wants and is bringing us to, or we shall rush full speed into Socialism, the result of which no man knows. It is chiefly destructive, and if these men pull down all the existing productive fabrics they will suddenly find themselves with nothing to do, with no work and no food. We must not work in the spirit of destruction and hatred, we must not seek to arouse every evil passion. That is not the right way. That is not the way of brotherhood. That is not the way of Christ. We must set to work in the true spirit of fairness, the spirit of brotherliness, giving every one a fair hearing and a fair deal; not condemning any one, but appealing to the best in every one, to the kindly, generous elements in his heart.

"This kindly spirit is our one salvation. For everything else is contributing to the spirit of unrest. Our big men, our great public donors, are the men that are doing most to create the desire for betterment. Tell me, can you spread education broadcast, can you cover the land with schools and colleges and reading-rooms and libraries, and then expect men and women to remain satisfied with the old narrow conditions? In the old days, when the laborer had the animal's lower mind and the animal's duller pains, he was satisfied with little. If he was discontented, you could give him a drink and put him to sleep and he would forget all about his discontent. But times have changed. It is universal education, or, rather, widespread information, for it cannot yet be called real education, that engenders the wish for betterment. Our generous donors have created it. Let them go on and complete their good work. Let them continue to treat these men as brothers; let them carry the spirit of kindness all through. Let them feel that, as they get the wider outlook, the broader information, they also get a larger kindness, a broader, more generous spirit, more of the heart of genuine love; not the heel of oppression, but the right hand of help, and this country may yet become what its founders meant it to be—an ideal commonwealth, a true home of brothers living in the spirit of brotherhood. For how can you have democracy without brotherhood?

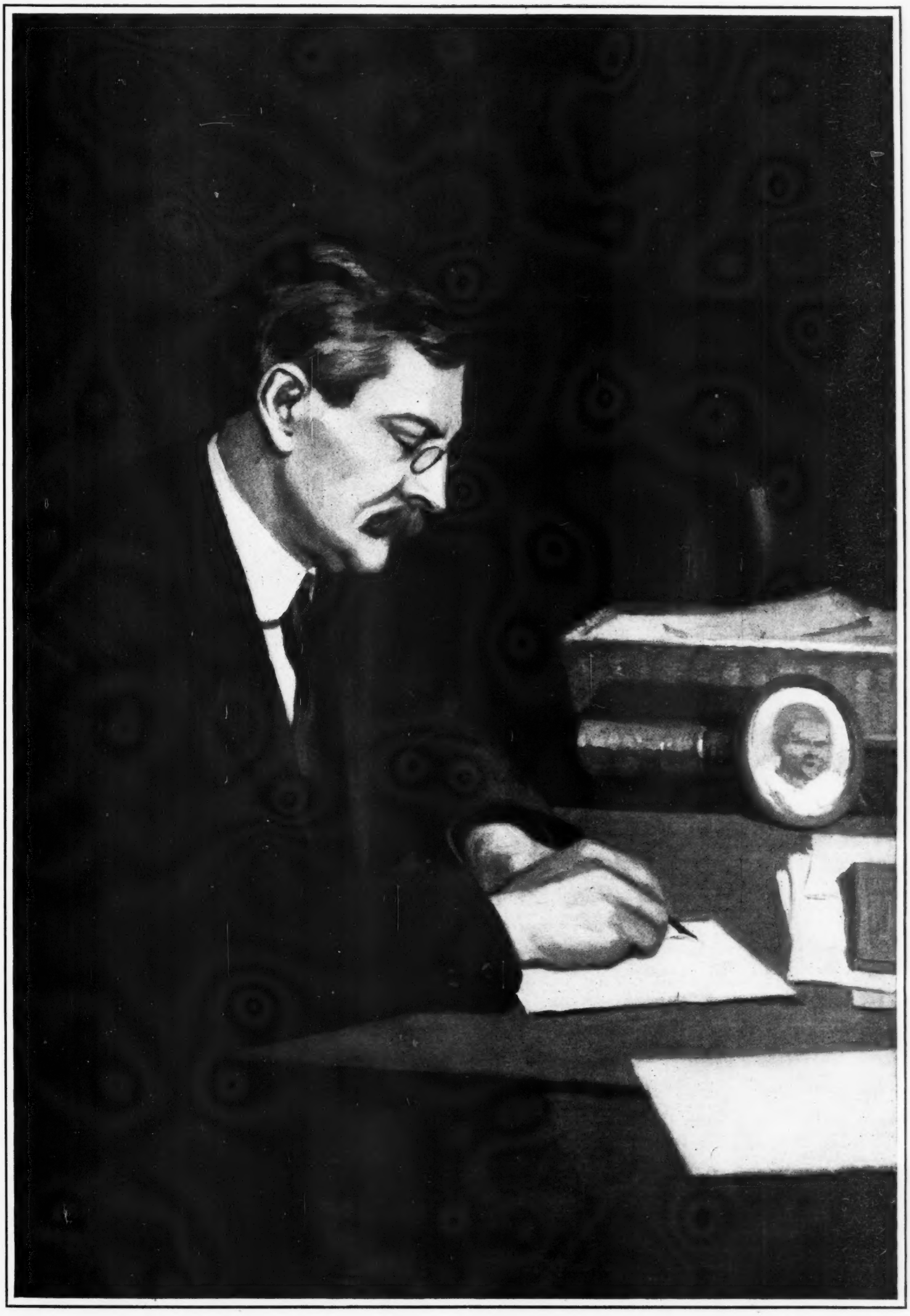
"To turn to practical issues, I believe that our protective tariff is the source of much of the evil of our present state. It is a singular thing that for sixty days I have not seen the name of the Payne-Aldrich tariff mentioned in any newspaper. It is forgotten for something new. We are like the Athenians, seeking some new thing. I am of Anglo-Saxon stock, of English descent on the one side and Scotch on the other, though all my people have been here since the Revolution. But I have read the history of my ancestors, and I know that they accomplished what they did by doing one thing at a time, by not attempting to do two things at a time. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, England had two great moral problems—the question of slavery and the question of freely imported food for the masses. But Englishmen, with their deep practical sense and their deeper love of justice, did not try to solve the two at once. They had Wilberforce solve the problem of human slavery, a world-old institution as it was, and then they went ahead and had Cobden solve the question of free trade.

"I believe in a tariff for revenue only. I believe we should not turn to something else before we have taken care of that. The initiative and referendum can wait. I am sometimes tempted to think that the malign side of big business is stirring up these new issues in order that the tariff question may be snowed under and forgotten. But it ought not to be forgotten. I have heard about these infant industries that need protection and I have seen them: seen them taking advantage of one dollar of protection to take three dollars more out of our pockets, out of your pocket and mine. But I do not believe in denouncing and condemning them. They are men, our brothers. This thing cannot be solved by hatred: it can only be solved by brotherly love. Put it to them as men, put it to their sense of honor and generosity, put it to the spirit of idealism in their hearts and they will respond. I have no use for the man who makes his pile by crooked means and low tricks and then, when he has made his pile, turns round and tries to buy public opinion by gifts and benefactions. Let him begin right now and cut out the crooked ways and mean tricks. Appeal to him as a man, appeal to what is generous in him, and he will do it. He is only the victim of a low general standard of success. Draw on what is noble in him, for much in him is noble, and he will turn on himself and deal generously.

"We have been trying to get the taxation of the State of Indiana built up on principles of honesty and honor. Take the case of a woman who is left a widow with a little property, a home, let us say, valued at five hundred dollars. I do not think it right that that poor widow should pay taxes on what she has: that she should come up every year to the tax collector's office and pay seven dollars and a half taxes on her home. We ought to tax her on what is coming to her and not on what she has. I believe in the income tax. I believe in it so strongly that my only objection to the Federal income tax is that I do not want to see so great a power, so rich a resource, taken out of the hands of the States and turned over to the Federal government. The people at Washington are far too extravagant as it is, and I do not believe in giving them more resources to be extravagant with. But I would be willing to give it to them to take the place of the high protective tariff. At any rate, an income tax would not give the big fellows the same opportunity to levy blackmail on the rest of us that the high protective tariff does. Take one thing which is a cardinal point with the protectionists: the plea that protection is needed by the manufacturer because he has to pay such high wages to his workmen. But in the first place he takes eight dollars from us and only pays two dollars to the workmen, putting the other six dollars in his own pocket; and in the second place he does not really pay more for his labor. It has been conclusively shown that the question of what you pay in wages is not the real matter; the real thing is what you get out of your workmen. And you get more out of the American workman than the excess of wages you pay him, so that in reality you are paying less for labor, not more. So that plea is a fraud. Let us get the tariff honestly settled and we shall have taken a first step back to general honesty.

"Here in Indiana we try to make the big corporations pay their fair share for the protection the State gives them. We tax the railroads on a basis of so much a mile for double track and so much a mile for single track. We tax the telephone and telegraph companies. And we are trying hard to get a fair contribution to the taxes of the State from the big express companies also. But we find them very hard to catch. Here they take refuge in the plea that they are not corporations, but partnerships, and so should not pay the corporation tax. But that is a fraud. They sell stock even if the sales are not always open or in good faith. And you know very well that if one man can go into the open market and sell a part of his interest to some one else without consulting his associates that is no partnership. He could not introduce a new partner into the firm without consulting his partners and getting the new man included in the articles of partnership. But we shall catch the express companies also.

"But with them, as with every one else, we shall try the generous way, appealing to the best in them, not the worst, touching their sense of honor, treating them as our brothers, as they are, not following the Mosaic law of retaliation, but following the law of Christ."



GOVERNOR MARSHALL OF INDIANA

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

WHEN GRANDFATHER "MADE" THE 'VARSITY NINE

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS

AT the home plate stood a bronzed and sturdy batter. Across the shirt of his uniform was the one word "Harvard." Nine Yale players occupied the positions usually held by the "Giants." In the various sections of the great stadium were seated some 20,000 spectators. To a casual observer it was just another game of baseball, but the veteran critics sensed a different atmosphere. In place of the discordant cries that greet the professional players there rang forth the nine long-drawn yells famous throughout the history of college athletics.

"Two on and two out and a hit wins the game!" called the coach from his box near third base. The Yale pitcher swung his body like a Christy Mathewson and shot the ball with a sweep and jump past the batter, who lunged and missed. The blue-uniformed umpire's cry, "You're out!" was lost in the sharp bark of the Eli cheering section, and Harvard took the field strong in the belief that the lead and victory were but postponed another inning.

It was the final and deciding game of the annual series. Yale had won the opening contest of the season on her home diamond with all the ceremonies attendant upon the Commencement Day match, and less than a week later Harvard, amid similar scenes, had won with a batting rally on Soldiers' Field. The modern college baseball schedule provided for just such a contingency. Months before it was decided that in case a third game was necessary it should be played on a neutral diamond, and the Polo Grounds Stadium in New York City was named as the place of battle.

The Giants, touring the Western circuit of the National League, left the greatest and most expensive baseball park in the world available to their collegian brothers of the diamond. On every side was testimony to the importance of the game. Undergraduates about to enter upon their summer vacation had lingered a day or two to witness the game; alumni but a few years removed from the college campus cut a business day in half that they might see the play. In the press stand busy telegraphers clicked the keys that recorded the progress of the game by dots and dashes to a score of cities, while the box score expert tabulated in hieroglyphics every move of the rival players.

Lost amid the thousands of partisan spectators, four men watched the game without displaying the slightest emotion. Not once during the close and exciting struggle did they evince any interest in the outcome of the contest. Yet there was not a move of one of the eighteen players that escaped their notice. From time to time they, too, marked hieroglyphics on the score-card opposite the names of certain of the collegians. With them the witnessing of the game was not recreation, but business, for the baseball scout does not scorn the college baseball field these days. There is big money awaiting the scout who can find another Eddie Collins, who jumped from Columbia's 'varsity nine to the world's champion "Athletics."

In fact, the personnel of professional baseball to-day includes many players who first attracted attention while wearing the uniform of their college team. There is not a club in either the National or American League which does not number among its members at least one former 'varsity star. Great as has been the progress in professional baseball during the past twenty years, the college game has kept step in the advancement, and the big college teams play baseball but a little below the standard of the big league clubs. The game has always been one of the four major sports since college athletics reached the present status of importance in university life; but this was not the case fifty years ago.

If a graduate of the Williams or Amherst class of 1859 or 1860 were to attend a modern college baseball game, he would find a remarkable difference between the play of to-day and the first intercollegiate match which he witnessed at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on July, 1859. It is not that enthusiasm or college loyalty was missing, but rather that the change in rule, skill, and procedure has been tremendous. To the modern follower of college baseball there are many amusing incidents and angles in the primitive play of the early days, yet the players of that period took their sport as seriously as their grandsons do in 1912.

Harvard's team of 1865-66, which figured in the first games played by the University against other universities and colleges

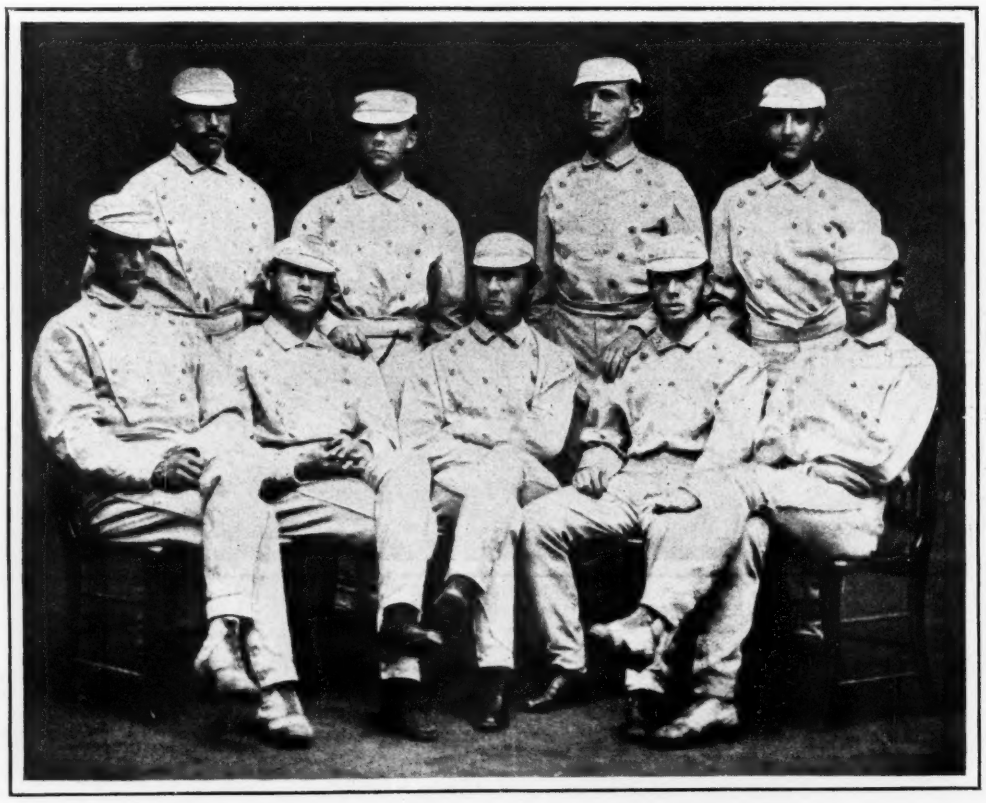
Many of the features that distinguish college from professional baseball to-day were much in evidence in 1859, when the first intercollegiate game was played. For some years previously a crude game of baseball was a campus sport at Williams, Princeton, Harvard, Amherst, and Yale, but there is no chronicle of any attempt to arrange matches with outside institutions. Early in the spring of 1859 the idea of a game between the Amherst and Williams teams originated at Amherst. It was discussed for several weeks and finally it was decided to challenge Williams to a game.

A daily paper of that time featured the proposed contest, including the negotiations, as follows:

"This is how it came about: At a meeting of the college directly after chapel a motion was made that 'Amherst challenge Williams to a friendly game of ball to be played at some intermediate spot on or before July 4th,' which was passed by a strong majority. A committee was appointed of J. T. Claflin, senior class; Walker, junior class; H. D. Hyde, sophomore, and T. Tomson, freshman, to make arrangements for the game. A challenge was immediately sent and accepted for thirteen picked men of each college to meet on June 27th. A delegation from Williams was to meet one from Amherst at Chester Factories and draw up the rules and regulations for the game. Mr. Hyde of Amherst met the two Williams delegates, but nothing was agreed on. On Mr. Hyde's return negotiations were carried on by mail for two weeks until at last it was amicably settled that each party should use its own ball and it must always be caught on the fly, sixty-five runs to be the limit of the game. The Pittsfield Baseball Club offered its grounds for the game, and July 1st was appointed as the date."

It will be seen that even in those days it required tact and finesse to arrange an intercollegiate game. In addition to the rules other details arose which threatened to block the proposed match. For one thing, the Amherst faculty put its collective foot down hard on the plan providing for a big cheering squad to accompany the team to Pittsfield. The Williams College faculty, on the other hand, decided to declare a holiday and witness the game as well as the entire student body. When the seventeen Amherst players and substitutes arrived at Pittsfield they found the town fairly overrun with the Williams undergraduates and spectators from the surrounding country.

The baseball reporter was among those present, for the following description of the play appeared in local prints within a short time. "There was some attempt at uniformity of dress, as the Williams team was all dressed alike and wore belts marked Williams, but the appearance of the Amherst team was decidedly undress. The only attempt at a uniform was the blue ribbon which each man had pinned on his breast. The Amherst ball weighed two and one-half ounces and was about six inches in circumference. The Williams ball was about seven inches in circumference, weighed



Yale's baseball team of 1869, the first fully organized by the University

about two ounces, and was covered with light-colored leather so as to make it seen with difficulty by the batters.

"About eleven o'clock the game was started with Amherst having the first inning, and at the end of the second round the score stood Amherst 1—Williams 9. Amherst grew desperate, and at the end of the third round stood even; at the end of the fourth Amherst led and continued to do so at the end of the game, sometimes having three tallies to one for Williams. After four hours of steady playing in which twenty-six rounds had been played with unabated interest on the part of the spectators, the game was decided finished and Amherst was declared the winner by a score of 66 to 32.

"The throwing of the two parties was about equal, the catching of Amherst superior, but the pivot on which the whole game turned was the drill. Every Amherst player had bound himself to obey all the commands of the captain, let the result be what it might, trusting to his oversight. The game was a silent one; no unnecessary conversation was carried on and every man played as if the reputation of the college rested upon his getting a tally. All this drill, however, was not attained by frequent meetings of the club, but by placing one man at the head.

"The news of the game reached Amherst about eleven o'clock that night by special messengers, who went through the streets shouting, 'Amherst wins, 66 to 32!' The students who had tired of waiting for a report had gone to bed, but they were soon aroused and sent a special embassy to President Stearns asking for permission for a general celebration. The president was absent, but permission was given by Miss Stearns for such an important event as this, so bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and the night spent in cheering for the victorious players."

While there is not the slightest doubt that this was the first game between college teams, the date of the adoption of baseball as a campus game is shrouded in the haze of past decades. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes stated that he witnessed a form of baseball—probably "town ball"—while a student at Harvard in 1828. It is a well-established fact that the students of several Eastern and New England schools and colleges played "rounders" or "town ball" for some years before the Civil War. Apparently the honor of forming the first college team for games with clubs outside the home institution belongs to Princeton, but because of delays in arranging such matches the Amherst-Williams contest takes precedence.

Existing records show that on March 14, 1859, a baseball team was organized at Princeton by players of the class of 1862. The officers of the club were: Lewis W. Mudge, who occupied the triple position of president, secretary, and captain; Alexander Marks, vice-president; and Henry S. Butler, treasurer. Mr. Mudge was a Brooklyn boy, and much interested in the game as played by the Excelsiors, Atlantics, Stars, and other famous pioneer clubs of that city. He conceived the idea of forming a team from among the students of Princeton College shortly after he entered upon his collegiate course.

Although the team formed under the name of the Nassau Baseball Club was organized on March 14, 1859, no games were played with outside teams until the autumn of 1860. On March 1st of that year the famous convention of the National Association of Baseball Players was held at Cooper Institute in New York City. At that meeting the foundation of the present game was laid, and it was under the code adopted at that time that the Nassau team played its first outside game.

This contest was against a team of former collegians residing in and about Orange, New Jersey, composed in part of Princeton and Yale graduates. The game was the result of a challenge addressed to the "First Nine" of Princeton. On October 22, 1860, the two teams met and the play resulted in a tie, each side having scored forty-two runs in the course of the game. The outbreak of the Civil War shortly after caused a cessation of play, and it was not until the fall of 1863 that outside contests were again resumed at Princeton.

Princeton was a prominent factor in college baseball from the day the "First Nine" was formed. The records show that H. C. Milspaugh succeeded L. W. Mudge as captain in 1863, in which capacity he served for two years. It was not until 1868, however, that the first of the big intercollegiate series was inaugurated. In that year a Princeton team journeyed to New Haven and was defeated: 30 to 23. The captains of the rival nines were Thomas Hooker, '69, for Yale, and A. E. Van Wagener, '68, for Princeton. During the same season Harvard won the first game between the two universities by 17 to 16 tallies. A year later the University of Pennsylvania announced that its hat was in the baseball ring, and Princeton demonstrated that the Quakers had much to learn about the game by defeating the Pennsylvania team by 21 to 8 and 16 to 3.

The team from Waseda University, Japan, which visited America last season, winning games from a number of college teams

The baseball of that period bore little resemblance to the scientific play of the 'varsity nines of the present, but who shall say that the undergraduates did not gain as much pleasure and physical benefit from the sport as the students who make the nines to-day? There was none of the training and discipline in vogue now. The coach and the various protective paraphernalia were unknown, yet victory was none the less sweet or rivalry lacking. The modern and ancient players' uniforms would make an interesting and instructive comparison if placed side by side. The shirts had broad turn-down collars, double fronts, and full-length sleeves. In place of the padded knickerbockers of to-day the trousers were full length and were usually worn tucked into the high-laced shoes during the game. Most of the players used ordinary street shoes, although the canvas shoe, reinforced with strips of leather, was gaining in popularity. Flat caps with broad vizors were affected by the members of the teams, as well as occasional "side-burns," the accepted type of hirsute adornment of the time.

An excellent insight into the college game of the late sixties is given in an article from the pen of a Yale graduate of the class of '72, published in the *Alumni Weekly*. In describing the activities of the 'varsity candidate, he writes:

"The baseball man, if a member of the university nine or candidate for it, of course went through the usual morning routine of college work—chapel at 8 A.M., an hour of recitation beginning at 8.15, study between 9.15 and 11.30, then another hour of recitation ending at 12.30 P.M. Then after dinner donning of uniform and the trip to Hamilton Park—not by special car, but paying for his own trips—arriving at about 1.45. Next practice—never exceeding two hours except on Wednesdays and Saturdays—and return in time for an hour's study for the five-o'clock recitation, usually prepared for in part the night before. The practice often included a short game between regulars and candidates as now. This was on the lower semi-oval of Hamilton Park. Meanwhile on the upper semi-oval there was a 'scrub' of some sort. It might be between classes, between dormitories, between two 'picked up' teams with comic titles. But that upper semi-oval was always in use; and the chances were that another 'scrub' match was also going on at the open Elm Street lot not far from the present Christ Church, or some other vacant place.

"Curved pitching and the close play behind the bat in the early seventies had not come in. There was one stripling, Cummings of the Star Club of Brooklyn, who was a pioneer exponent of the curve, cleverly disguised as an underhand throw. For the rest it was 'straight-arm' pitching, or, more strictly, a toss rarely of much speed. Hence free hitting in most superlative terms, the swift grounder, the 'daisy cutter,' the far-away rocket parabola to the remote outfield, the frequent home run, the big scores, but with many ups and downs. Nor was the game less attractive because its environment was simple.

"In the early seventies there was at Hamilton Park no grand-stand or even bleachers. Spectators stood and squatted in a huge wedge paralleling the two upper base lines and meeting in a truncated apex behind the catcher. Only at a big annual game was there even a restraining rope athwart the human wedge; and at that annual game alone was a gate fee—fifty cents—charged. Coaches, training-tables, Easter tips, and the whole costly outfit of up-to-date Yale baseball were unknown in that amateur epoch. The recorded cost of one whole baseball season was but $862, most of it raised by undergraduate subscription."

Early in the seventies the game had become a popular sport among the various institutions of both the East and Middle West. Lafayette and Lehigh began their annual series in 1872, Lafayette winning games of the initial season by scores of 88 to 20 and 34 to 16. Andover and Exeter opened their engagements in 1878, although Andover was playing baseball as early as 1871, when W. H. Moody was elected captain of the team. Michigan was a pioneer in the Middle West, electing her first team leader as early as 1865 in the person of J. C. Bigger.

As the sport increased in popular favor it spread to every campus in the country. There is not a school or college to-day which does not support a team playing a regular schedule and sometimes touring to distant States to test skill and strength with rival nines. But the growth of the game did not end at the boundaries of the United States. Japan and China in the Far East, Cuba and South America, too, have their college nines. The teams of the universities of Chicago and Wisconsin have already toured the Orient, while both Waseda and Kei-o universities of Japan have sent teams to this country. A club of Chinese collegians from Hawaii is playing here at present, and the University of Manila is planning to send its 'varsity team to the United States in 1913.

The progress of college baseball since Amherst crossed bats with Williams in 1859 points to a still larger future.

Clerks and salesmen helping to unload provisions at one of the wharves

Police escorting a convoy of meat-wagons through crowds of strikers

SCENES IN THE RECENT DOCK STRIKE AT LONDON

Seeing Things

HOW THE PROFESSIONAL "MEDIUM" FATTENS UPON THE CREDULITY OF HIS DUPES

By Henry Paradyne

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT LEVERING

"IT is amazing," said the old gentleman, tapping the floor emphatically with his cane, "it is amazing, the bull-headed scepticism of the public in the face of evidence. I can take you to a place, right in the midst of this populous city with its teeming millions, where you will obtain irrefutable proof of the survival of the human individuality after that change called death."

"Absolute proof," he called this evidence again; and we two who were to accompany him ventured upon no answer, partly because we were not wholly sceptical and an emphatic reiteration acts forcibly

The enormous forces of human credulity and superstition

upon the fallible human mind, but more because we knew that the old gentleman derived great comfort from the belief that he communed regularly with the spirit of his daughter, who had been dead some years.

Because we went as guests the name and abode of the male and female harpy who fatten on their deluded victims must remain undisclosed. Let us know him as Chuff, this drunken and half-imbecile impostor who opened the door to us with a furtive and yet keenly scrutinizing gaze; and let it be said that of all the "mediums" who delude their wretched victims in the metropolis, he has the reputation of being the most skilled in calling up the shades of those who have, in the jargon of the cult, "passed over." Chuff bears among the credulous the reputation of a man of absolute and unflinching integrity. We did not investigate any of the others.

Upstairs, in a large, darkened room, where the female accomplice greeted our guide with the patter of her trade, a small company had begun to assemble. They were all "regulars," and consisted of two or three business men, a young girl who came three times a week to meet the spirit of her father, a German doctor, and several women, among them a German servant, who, through long acquaintance, had come to know the spirits as intimate friends and greeted them with airy badinage, mingled, of course, with something of respectful deference to their more exalted social rank. A friendly comradeship existed among all these initiates.

"You are going to see something this afternoon," whispered the old gentleman, as we seated ourselves, "which is going to alter the entire course of your lives."

Then, one by one, we stepped into the dark cabinet at the end of the room, to leave our "magnetism" there, that our departed friends might learn of our proximity. "Although," everybody warned us, "you will not get anybody the first visit, nor, probably, the second or third. Mr. Schmidt here came for three months steadily before he had visitors."

Afterward, when I came to translate all terms into currency, I reckoned that three months, twice weekly, at a fee of a dollar, meant twenty-four dollars before the harpies' suspicions were lulled sufficiently to bring out the shade of Mr. Schmidt's wife; then twice a week, at a dollar a visit, meant nine dollars a month, with the prospect of an indefinite continuance until the place was raided.

Until the last of the last of the "regulars" arrived we waited there in a reeking atmosphere composed of equal portions of nitrogen and carbonic acid, with a dash of diluted oxygen thrown in as a concession to the rebellious larynx. The stove could hardly burn in that foul medium, and the spirit pictures upon the walls wavered and trembled before our aching eyes. We sat with mouths wide open, like panting ospreys.

The female harpy, who had been watching us two with ill-concealed anxiety, took out the stove, came back, and, before extinguishing the lights, came up to us.

"I feel a sense of newness," she began. "Something is telling me that we have here some friends who are unacquainted with the methods of the séance room. I will ask everybody to keep their feet firmly upon the floor and not to cross their legs, in order to preserve the flow of the current. Nobody must attempt to touch any of the spirits, for sometimes, when one of them gets entangled in this way, he is compelled to bring the medium out of the cabinet in order to release himself, and then, when he is caught, the observer thinks it is a case of fraud. But still, this is of very rare occurrence. Just watch what you see observantly, and if you find you can't believe in it, why, pretend that you do for the time being.

The harpy collected a dollar apiece from each of us and turned out the gas. The company sang hymns in chipped and time-worn voices, and high above all rang out the German servant's:

"Ve shall meet on dat beautiful shore,
"Ve shall meet on dat beautiful shore"—

In the momentary pauses I could hear the "medium" changing his clothes in the cabinet. Presently there came the thin treble of a harmonica.

"Sing, sing," whispered the German doctor eagerly. "De spirits are coming."

The German servant broke into a tuneful falsetto:

"Ve are vaiting, ve are vaiting, ve are vaiting, just now,
"Just now ve are vaiting, ve are vaiting, just now."

The female harpy, seated beside the cabinet, wound up a music-box and led the chorus:

"Show your faces, show your faces, show your faces just now,
"Just now show your faces, show your faces just now."

From inside the cabinet the harmonica began playing a tune. The singing ceased.

"That's Pat," exclaimed one of the business men. "Pat, give us some national airs."

Pat complied with the German national anthem, then with the French; then came "The Wearing of the Green," then a succession of Scotch melodies; and then, after a very slight pause, the tremulous, stooping figure of an old man came out of the cabinet into the tiny light afforded by a shaded electric bulb in the corner, which suddenly shone out.

"It's Dr. Baker!" exclaimed one of the business men. "You know he was crippled with rheumatism in life, and of course it cripples him when he comes back."

Dr. Baker slouched into the middle of the floor and went over to the female harpy.

"Dr. Baker is going to magnetize some paper for you all," she announced. "Come along, Doctor." She led the spirit into a corner, where they began tearing up scraps of a very cheap grade of paper, over which the doctor passed his fingers, making the sparks fly. These the harpy distributed among us, saying that they were an excellent cure for colds, heart trouble, and other diseases. Having accomplished this, Dr. Baker tripped back into the cabinet.

"He! Ho!" exclaimed the treble voice of the spirit guide, "here's another of them. They're all men this evening."

Several more spirits showed themselves outside the cabinet, but with singular unanimity they all kept a respectful interval between their shadowy shapes and ourselves, in the darkest corner of the séance room. In the intervals between paying calls the harpy wound up the music-box to drown the noise of the medium as he changed his clothes. Presently a tall woman's figure appeared, draped in flowing robes.

"It's Jane Austen!" exclaimed the German doctor.

"No," replied the female harpy, "it's Queen Victoria."

Everybody rose up. I rose up too, for as long as any doubt remained it seemed polite and respectful to stand in the presence of a lady ghost. Besides, Victoria was a "stickler" for etiquette. She seemed to have acquired several inches during her sojourn in the spirit land, and, what was more remarkable, she had exactly the same shape of stomach as had the drink-soaked "medium." I noticed afterward that all the spirits possessed the same rotundity.

"We greet you!" exclaimed the business men and the ladies, rising respectfully. "Ve greet you!" remarked the German servant woman; and Queen Victoria, having extended her arms in benison, withdrew to the recesses of the cabinet again.

Jane Austen did come next—wearing the "medium's" stomach; and then we were favored successively by the late Empress of Germany (wearing the "medium's" stomach), Julia Ward Howe (wearing the "medium's" stomach), and the Dowager Empress of China (wearing the "medium's" stomach). The Dowager Empress hobbled painfully around our circle, eliciting exclamations of admiration.

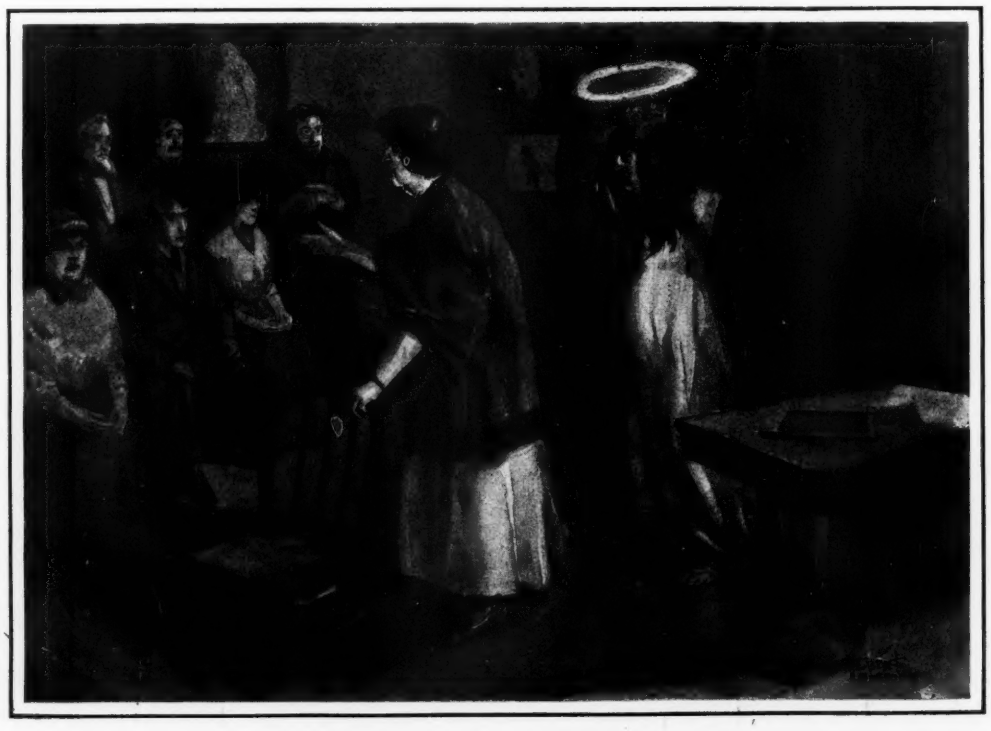
"Poor thing!" said one of the ladies. "You know they cramp the women's feet dreadfully in China!"

If the late Empress, who, being a Manchu, did not suffer the foot-binding process, had ever known that she would exhibit herself to a dollar audience in an exhausted atmosphere, hobbling like a Chinese wife, her regal wrath would have been truly magnificent. But she merely performed a Chinese genuflexion and withdrew into the cabinet. And then we had the Queen of Sheba, carrying a blue flame over her head and bowing majestically to the audience. I looked in vain for Solomon. Perhaps Solomon would have been too much for our circle, but I am confident that they would have swallowed Adam and Cain, and Aaron's rod. The Queen of Sheba sprinkled us with some evil-smelling cheap perfume and the German servant sniffed luxuriously.

"Id shmells like a Bersian garden," she exclaimed, ecstatically.

That was the last lady ghost to which I rose, except when formally introduced by members of the company. It was not necessary, anyhow, for none of the spirits showed any disposition to investigate our remote corner of the séance room.

After the last of our illustrious visitors had departed there came an interval. The music-box was wound up to the limit and we sang hymns to restore the magnetic current.



And then we had the Queen of Sheba

'Show your faces, show your faces, show your faces just now,
"Just now show your faces, show your faces just now."

Knocks on the cabinet. "Is it for me? Is it for me? Is it for me?" we asked in turn. It was for one of the ladies. She went to the cabinet, where a small white figure was crouching upon the threshold.

"It's little Dewdrop!" she told us, and everybody went up in turn to see and to hear little Dewdrop's crackled tremolo.

"Won't you come up and speak to little Dewdrop?" inquired the harpy of us. We went up separately and examined it. "Look at her little arms," the harpy said. "Look at her little hands. Ain't they remarkable?"

I didn't see little Dewdrop at all. Whether my eyes were stronger than the other spectators I do not know, but even in that dim light I saw Chuff crouching upon his hands and knees, the central portions of the arms being outlined in chalk, to give them an aspect of frailty; and the hands were like hams.

"For me?" exclaimed the old gentleman who had accompanied us, rising painfully and hobbling across the room. He came back, leading a spirit by the arm. He introduced us. "My daughter," he said.

I looked hard at the spirit. I saw no daughter, but in place of her the "medium's" stomach and the "medium's" face, the mustache quite visible, though covered with chalk. Subsequently we were introduced to the wives, aunts, and grandmothers of various members of the company. Each of these ladies had grown a mustache in spirit land.

Let us pass over the peppermint candy which one spirit kindly brought us, and the cold-baked cookies which another thoughtful ghost presented to the company. The crowning impudence came last, at our guide's special request.

"If any doubt still lingers in your mind," said the old gentleman, "this experiment will upset it forever. Dr. Baker will dematerialize through the floor and a woman spirit will appear in the identical spot, growing up to life size from a mere luminous patch of phosphorescence."

The light went very low and Dr. Baker hobbled out of the cabinet again into the middle of the floor. He went down on his hands and knees and the female harpy enveloped him with a table-cover. He did not dematerialize; he simply squirmed there, and presently a patch of white appeared from under the edge of the table-cloth.

"Look! Look! Isn't it vonderful!" exclaimed the German doctor, pinching me.

I looked and saw the squirming figure pulling a white robe over its head, and, as each part of the body became enveloped in it, it was thrust out successively from beneath the table-cloth. When the white garment had entirely hidden Dr. Baker's trousers the female figure stood up before us. It wore the "medium's" stomach.

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed the old gentleman as we departed. "And to think people won't believe! Do you know, there is only one thing that puzzles me. I can't understand how it is that the spirits' arms, which are mere shells, composed of astral and magnetic emanations gathered from the company, should be so remarkably lifelike."

One hears of intricate devices practised by the army of slate-writing, table-rapping "mediums" who have infested America since the days when the Fox sisters made spiritualism a household necessity on both sides of the Atlantic. But here there were no tricks, no acts of legerdemain. What was the most impressive feature was the awful impudence of the performance, the bold and successful appeal to the enormous forces of human credulity and superstition. To point to the "little" ham-like hands of the "medium" as those of a child was to appeal directly to the imagination in contradiction of the evidence of the eyes—and the appeal was made successfully. This evil creature and her half-witted sot that emerged from the dark cabinet to receive the kisses and confidences of deluded husbands and fathers knew that there are dark depths of superstition in the mind which neither science nor civilization have ever fathomed, nor ever will. Long ago they must have ceased to chuckle over their game; it is no joke to them, but a hard proposition of business. Working their game five times a week, having an average attendance of twelve, they have their sixty dollars secured, while "trumpet séances" and "development classes," held every Tuesday evening, enable them to weed out prospective victims from among the intelligent and hold out possibilities of tapping the bank accounts of wealthy victims.

"It's little Dewdrop," she told us

Perhaps one thing remains still to be said. Investigations, conducted upon scientific lines, have afforded prima facie reasons to believe that mind-reading, telepathy, and many partly unclassified phenomena of that character may be facts and not fancies. Even the actual appearance of the dead to the living has been removed from the realm of the impossible to that of the possible; believed or not, it can no more be disregarded as chimerical and vain. Persons who have seen Chuff masquerading in his voluminous robes have stated that the creature does seem to possess some mind-reading faculty which has enabled him to disclose to them secrets which were in their sole possession. If such a power is his, it is possible to understand how he may dupe the credulous with such chicanery as would seem beyond the belief of the most simple. And in seeking a remedy for this condition which enables Chuff and his kind to prey upon the simple, reaping a secure income for years from the same individuals, one must not make psychical investigation impossible. What is needed is a law which shall make paid "mediumship" a felony, punishable by imprisonment for not less than ten years.

A Linked Lawsuit Long Drawn Out

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

ALTHOUGH the English Chancery Court performs its duties with celerity, in general, it was once famous for its tardiness, and even to-day cases which have been for decades in litigation are still being ground out in its mills. Most famous of all the suits that have come before this tribunal is the case of Jennens against Jennens. Whole generations of judges and counsels, plaintiffs and defendants died, while the suit went merrily on. Charles Dickens turned the shaft of his satire on the case, which even in his day was famous, and satirized it under the title of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Dickens is gone these many years; but Jennens against Jennens is still unsettled.

Litigation seldom leads to friendship, and the increasing bitterness in this litigation is due to the fact that the stake played for constantly increases in size. The original stake of $10,000,000, most of which was in gilt-edged stocks, has gone on increasing until, when the last decision was made in the case and the matter supposed to be concluded, the amount involved had reached the sum of $150,000,000. The estate includes Gopsall Hall, in Leicestershire, the roomy residence where King Edward VII. was entertained; Acton Place; Aston Hall; the so-called "Penn estates"; and a house in Curzon Street, London.

Specifically the case of Jennens *vs.* Jennens is a suit whereby certain descendants of one William Jennens or Jennings are trying to secure possession of his vast estates from Earl Howe, who, they claim, holds possession of it illegally. Periodically some Jennings brings suit against some Earl Howe, every generation of claimants taking up the action where the preceding generation left it, and every Earl Howe going on with the defence of his title where his father dropped it. So far the Howes have had the better of the argument, but hope of recovery springs eternal in the Jennings breast, and so the suit drags on.

The original William Jennings was an aristocrat as well as a man of great wealth. His father had been an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and he himself had William III. for a god-father. He was an iron-master, and died in 1798. His fortune of $10,000,000 was enormous for his day, and it was not until after his death that the extent of his possessions was realized. Then it was discovered that he had property in almost every one of the existing "funds," and it had been his habit to leave the dividends to accumulate year after year in most of his stocks. He had money on all sides of him, for in an iron chest, which he kept under his bed, there were discovered bank-notes worth $100,000, and $200,000 more in the shape of newly coined golden guineas. Jennings had inherited part of his fortune, but he had more than quadrupled his original heritage by speculation. For instance, his shares in the Exchequer tontine, for which he paid $500 each, brought him $15,000 apiece for many years.

Jennings made a will in 1726, giving his estates to his mother for life. But his mother died during Jennings's life, and he died in 1798 intestate. Mary Blythe, widow, was his sole heir, and she and a descendant named William Jennens were the sole next-of-kin. Mary Blythe died in 1799. By will she gave her personal estate to her four children—Thomas, Anne, Elizabeth, and Hannah. In similar fashion she divided her claim to real estate. Apparently she had not come into the Jennings estate up to the time of her death. Her will was not proved, nor was any administration to the estate taken out by the executors.

Soon after Jennings' death Earl Howe's ancestors may be said to have "jumped" the Jennings claim. Richard Curzon, pretending he was the son of one Penn Curzon and as such heir to the property, came into possession of the property. Richard Curzon was made Earl Howe in 1821.

The attempts of the descendants of William Jennens to get the property from Earl Howe constitute the case of Jennens *vs.* Jennens, though, as plaintiffs and defendants changed, the title of the suit has also changed from time to time. Just as the case had dragged along before Dickens's time, so it has dragged along since. In the year 1867, while Dickens was still alive, Samuel Baylis, a descendant of Mary Blythe, brought an action to recover a quarter share of the property, but lost the suit. Twelve years later, in 1879, James Baylis, son of Samuel, brought another action, claiming that Richard Curzon was not the son of Penn Curzon, but of Ann Oakes, spinster, and so was not the rightful owner of the estate. The claim further alleged that letters of administration to the estate of William Jennings had been granted to two persons who fraudulently claimed to be the next-of-kin; and that the residuary estate had been got by them and persons claiming through them, down to the Hon. Arthur Upton and Frederick Augustus Coe, who were in possession of one moiety of the personal estate, and Earl Beauchamp, who was in possession of the other moiety. Earl Howe, the claim averred, was merely trustee for the freehold estates. The plaintiff sought to secure the entire personal and real estate. The defendants demurred, and the Court sustained their demurrer on the ground that the plaintiff's contention was improbable, eighty years having elapsed since the death of William Jennings, during which time the alleged facts had never come to notice.

More than a quarter of a century passed before the case came up again. Then David Jennings, of Montreal, obtained permission from the British Chancery Court to re-open the contest for the Jennens fortune. He was an elderly man who had spent several years in collecting legal documents to prove himself the lineal descendant of the old iron-master. His claim was so well thought of by certain Montreal capitalists that it is said they backed him in his contest. The claimant refused to have anything to do with professional searchers in preparing his evidence. He invaded the English record office, wherein are kept records of births, marriages, and deaths, and spent many weeks poring over musty records. He claimed he had found documents throwing an entirely new light upon the matter, whereupon the Court gave him permission to re-open the case.

Before his claim has a hearing in the Chancery Court, however, all the evidence upon which the claim is based—and this means thousands upon thousands of folios of closely written legal matter—must be read and discussed before a Master in Chancery, who must decide whether or not the case is one to bring before the Court proper.

THE RED KING

By JANE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

CARLOTTA was a dancing-girl at Silver Shaft, Arizona. She danced, at midnight, in the Plaza dance-hall. There were other dancing-girls, but they only served to precede or follow Carlotta. By eleven-thirty the Plaza would fill, the men banking themselves around Carlotta's platform until the last row was jammed against the walls. In the first row were her especial admirers: two Mexican vaqueros; Juan Alvarado, the matador, and Len Taylor.

One night Len was late. As he shoved himself unceremoniously to the front the men made way without enthusiasm; but precedent and the two six-shooters at Len's belt simplified the matter. He took his accustomed place and stood watching the crowd, whose naïve emotions delighted and amused him. He believed that he came to the Plaza as much to watch the people as to see Carlotta dance; but the Plaza had been no more than a name to him until Carlotta's reign.

The lights flickered out until only one was left burning—a big kerosene lamp suspended by rusty wires directly above the platform. In the half-light Len forgot the shuffling, whispering crowd. Folding his arms, he fastened his eyes on Carlotta's door. This was the perfect moment. When Carlotta entered he would become complex, a man vainly warring with himself; but, waiting for her, he was a boy—a thrilled, unquestioning boy. It was like that suspensive moment in a darkened theater, just before the rising of the curtain upon fulfilment or disillusion.

The door clicked open, and Carlotta stood upon the platform. There was an instant's silence, as if the crowd drew in its breath as one man. Carlotta bent forward, flinging out her arms in a gesture of welcome. Her lips were parted in a faint smile, trembling, half defiant. She was radiant with a sense of her own power, but she did not presume. In her every gesture she coquetted with her audience, flatteringly, coaxingly. When the men broke into an applause that set the flame of the big lamp dancing she drew back almost shyly. At that moment she looked like a spoiled child.

Len did not applaud. He did not see Carlotta; he saw only the crimson cloak that enwrapped her from her shoulders to the tips of her little slippers. It was a matador's cloak, and Juan Alvarado had worn it in the ring at Sonora. Carlotta unfastened the gold clasps, and as she did so she met Juan's eyes. Len saw the matador's handsome face light up, and heard the faint clicking of his jeweled sleeves as he doubled his applause. Carlotta glanced down at Len, her eyes challenging under her lowered lashes; then she slipped the cloak from her shoulders and threw it to Juan Alvarado. He caught it and laid it proudly across his arm.

Carlotta swung into the circle of light. She was slight and girlish, with narrow hips and the long, graceful limbs of the dancer. Her bare shoulders and arms were immature, with the pretty hollows of youth. Her beauty depended on the velvet blackness of her hair and the warm, unexpected blue of her eyes. The very shape of her eyes was beautiful—long and slightly tipped up at the outer corners, giving a combined impression of mystery and audaciousness. When she would open the lids very wide, her gaze was the untroubled blue of a child's; but, veiled by the black lashes, it was cozening and dangerous. She raised her arms above her head, stiffening every muscle in her body as if she were lifting herself by the very strength of her upstretched hands. She bent backward, her crimson dress a sheath of flame beneath the swinging lamp. She straightened herself slowly, swaying delicately to her castanets. She was like a gorgeous tropic flower caught up by some rhythmic wind. Half eagerly, half resisting, she abandoned herself to the current of it, and was submerged, swept onward toward some reckless, triumphant climax.

The audience looked on breathlessly, like men hypnotized, but Len stood aside, impervious. The time was when he could watch Carlotta dance as the men about him watched her now; but that time had passed. His pleasure had become an indefinable pain; there were nights when he hated her because she chose to squander herself for an applause that was as unworthy as it was generous. At other and rarer moments he was one with the crowd around him, consumed by her beauty and demanding nothing more than the right to stand before her.

Carlotta danced until her loosened hair fell down over her shoulders. Then she threw aside her castanets and, taking the flowers from her belt, tossed them into the crowd. A cowboy who caught a rose appreciatively unloaded his six-shooter toward the ceiling.

It might have been a wild bullet, or it might have been the rusted wires, but the lamp above Carlotta crashed down, striking the stage beside her. The flaming oil streamed from the bowl, scattering like quicksilver. Carlotta's skirts blazed. She threw her arms up over her face helplessly, making no outcry. Len saw it in a dream. He was paralyzed. In his mind he seized her in his arms, smothering the flames. But his body stood aside and watched Alvarado leap on the platform, covering her with her cloak. A lawless part of Len's brain outraged him by speculating upon Alvarado's strength as he rolled Carlotta on the floor, beating out the fire with his hands.

When it was over Carlotta sat up, her eyes fixed vaguely on her tattered dress. The men crowded around her silently. She raised her arm and looked at the blister that ran from her elbow to her wrist. Her face was frightened, but in the manner of a disobedient child's. There was not a man about her whose hands did not tremble, but her own fingers were firm as she ran them over the singed coils of her hair.

She looked up into Juan's twitching face. "But I don't feel hurt," she protested, suddenly. She gathered the charred cloak around her and rose slowly, with Juan's help. Len remembered the lightness with which she had danced on that same platform, and he knew, in that moment, the meaning of women's tears.

Carlotta tested her body, balancing on her toes and straightening out her fingers with the utmost concentration.

"I'm all saved, Juan," she said at last, half smiling. She put her hands on his shoulders and the smile died on her lips. Her hands began to shake so that the bangles on his bolero tinkled under her fingers. "What—what can I say?" she whispered. "If it had not been for you—I—I—"

She drew back, her face pallid, her eyes wide and blinking as if she looked into some dazzlingly white light. She pressed her hands to her temples and began laughing hysterically. Between bursts of laughter she would break into incoherent words, in Spanish, in English. The men went out quietly, talking in low voices. Len, the two vaqueros, and Juan Alvarado were left at the platform.

"Yes—*sí, sí*, the bravery," Carlotta was saying, recklessly. I love the bravery. To-night I heard some men talk about the Red King—and if a man should be brave enough to bring me the Red King—why—why—I think I would marry so brave a man!"

"The Red King!" Alvarado whispered, superstitiously; and Len saw that one of the vaqueros went white.

Carlotta looked at them, her eyes dark and brilliant. "*Sí—el bonito caballo—*" She stopped short, and, turning, faced Len. She straightened herself defiantly. "The Red King is at Wolsey's Tank," she said, but the fever was gone from her words.

Juan would have answered her, but she interrupted him. "Your hands—see them, Juan," she said, her voice breaking. "I—I didn't see before. Won't you go—at once—"

"Want me to go along with you to the doctor, Alvarado?" Len asked. The casual way he voiced the question told nothing of the inward struggle before he could force himself to speak it. He was beginning to comprehend the significance of what Alvarado had done; he envied him his burned hands. He gave him instinctive tribute for his courage, at the same moment hating him. He hated him because he had appropriated the right to save Carlotta.

Alvarado turned and faced Len. Their eyes met and

He heard the muffled padding of hoofs

the challenge was as definite as a spoken word. "Do not trouble yourself to accompany me," Juan said in his flawless English. "It is nothing." He bent over Carlotta, murmuring something in Spanish.

When he had gone Carlotta turned to Len. "Isn't it all some dream—some bad dream?" she asked, pitifully. "I'm so tired—I want to go home—if you will take me—"

Len went outside to get his horse and see that her own was waiting for her. It was a long time before Carlotta joined him, and when she came she was unlike the Carlotta that he had known. It seemed to him that he had never before been alone with her, though he had talked with her every night since she had danced at Silver Shaft. But the girl he had talked with had seemed set apart from other women—filled with mystery, more like a fair dream than a woman of flesh and blood. This girl wore a dark sweater and divided skirt, and her hair was flattened, without coquetry, under a wide hat. She was like other women that passed him in the streets, save that she was desirable and beautiful, and that the left sleeve of her sweater was slit, showing a white bandage.

"Do you feel well enough to-night to ride down to the ranch?" he asked, ashamed of his shaking voice.

She mounted easily. "Not well enough to go alone." Then the Carlotta that he knew flashed into her voice. "That is the only reason I asked you to go with me."

"I realize the compliment you're paying me," Len said, stiffly. "I know that you always ride home alone."

She did not answer, and they rode on in silence.

"Carlotta!" he said, suddenly. She turned in her saddle and looked at him. Her face was in shadow, but he was conscious of the understanding in her eyes; he felt again the subtle sympathy that existed, in rare moments, between them.

"I want to tell you," he said, falteringly, "that I made an utter fool of myself to-night; but I would have given my life to—to—"

She silenced him with a quick gesture. She did not answer him at once, and in that brief silence he was more intimate with her than he had ever been. He had penetrated her inscrutable reserve. He felt that she knew, utterly, everything that he had suffered, and that she would be kind.

But she tossed back her head and laughed. "Perhaps you did not care if I burned up," she suggested, as a sort of inspiration.

Len laughed with her. "Perhaps," he agreed. He had only his pride left with which to defend himself.

He knew, without seeing, her puzzled, familiar frown. Finally she drew her horse close to his and put her hand on his arm. "I wish I could understand you better," she said, without preface. In one of her swift changes her voice had become sweet, appealing. Her face was upturned, and her eyes were wide and serious, robbed of all coquetry and disdain.

"I want you to know everything about me," he said, huskily, stumbling over his words. "I want to tell you the good and the bad." He lifted her hand and held it against his face, and for the first time he was not divided against himself. Nothing existed for him save Carlotta and her small, trembling hand upon his mouth. Miraculously she had accomplished a fusion of his entire being, and he kissed her fingers with passionate reverence.

She drew her hand away and spurred her pony into a flying gallop. But Len had seen the yearning tenderness in her eyes, and it dispelled every other troubled memory of her.

When they reached the ranch Carlotta ran her horse close to the door and dropped to the ground without halting him. She ran a few steps beside him, holding to her saddle-horn to keep her balance. Released, the horse galloped on toward the corral.

"Don't bother to get down," Carlotta said, a little breathless from her ride. "Mother will be waiting for me. She always must be told everything that I have done. She regrets that she cannot chaperon me—the time when I am dancing, even—for she is Castilian, you know."

"I didn't know you were Spanish," Len said, absently.

"My father was American, but my mother is pure Spanish. Can you not tell from the way I talk?"

Len did not answer. He was thinking of Juan Alvarado, the matador.

Carlotta put up her hand to tell him good night. She hesitated, as if she were about to say something, but she drew back.

"Thank you for letting me ride home with you," Len said. Something in the words seemed to give Carlotta courage.

"The Red King is not at Wolsey's Tank," she said, breathlessly. "He is at the Coyote Well." Then she disappeared into the house before he could answer her.

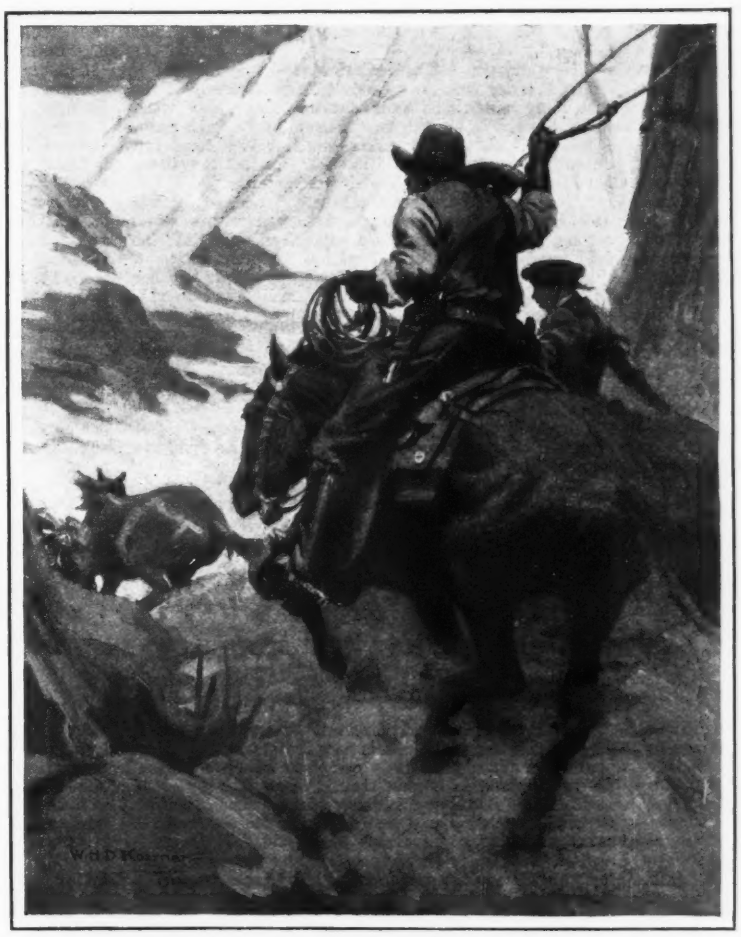
Len could not believe that he had heard her aright. He rode back to town a prey to warring emotions. Would she abide seriously by the words of a hysterical moment—would she demand such medieval rivalry, accepting the outcome? He tried to find excuse for her standards in that she was born of a different people, a race alien and romantic beside his own. But he was not consoled, and his heart was heavy within him.

Hours later, when he determined that he could not enter the ridiculous tournament that she had commanded, he sat down to write her and tell her so. But the very writing of her name brought up a hundred memories of her. He remembered the sorry spectacle of himself standing aside for Alvarado to face the danger that imperiled her. He had been a coward. He faced the thought with difficulty, and, facing it, was filled with humiliation. In that moment he ceased to argue. He would go out into the desert after the Red King.

He wrote Carlotta briefly:

I am going after the Red King, and I will get him. I owe it to myself. But I would not have any woman—even you, Carlotta—if she would raffle herself to the bravest bidder. LEN TAYLOR.

The next day, at noon, his preparations were made. As he rode past the Plaza he reproached himself for having squandered the morning. He should have left Silver Shaft by dawn. Perhaps Alvarado was already far in the lead. His conjecture was cut short by the sight of Juan Alvarado, on the sidewalk, talking with a vaquero. He looked up as Len rode by, but he made no sign. Len was confused. Had Juan refused the gauntlet that Carlotta had thrown down? He put the supposition aside with a laugh, knowing well that the matador would exult in such a contest. Had Carlotta failed to send him word that the Red King was at the Coyote Well? Len liked to believe that Carlotta would let Juan make the fruitless journey to Wolsey's Tank; so he determined that Juan had remained in town to let him make the first move—perhaps on information from some other source. When he crossed the mesa and passed down into the desert, he tried to put such disquieting speculation behind him. About him was the flaming noonday sand, broken only by the desert cactus and the dead mesquite. Overhead the sky was a blinding, coppery yellow. Len hated the desert. He hated the leagues of meaningless sand, the barren alkali wastes. Carlotta loved it and knew every oasis, every timid sand-flower. She would ride alone in it, content in the solitude. All of this she had told Len, and he had tried to understand.



Len swung his lariat over his head

At twilight Len made a rough camp on the mesa overlooking Coyote Well. This tank was a little oasis hemmed in by steep, sandy cliffs. The main outlet of it was a precipitous arroyo that cut, for miles, through the foothills. The only other way to reach the well was through a narrow inlet that wound tortuously around the dunes where Len was camped. He staked his pony so that he was hidden by a clump of mesquite. Then he waited; but the terrible, unnatural stillness preyed upon him, and he began pacing restlessly up and down in the shifting sand. It seemed to him that the very elements were engaged in some monstrous conspiracy against him. All the warmth was gone from the desert; it was presaging cold; and the moon looked down, aloof and dead white. Len became oppressed by his own insignificance; he thought of the men who had gone out into the desert without returning; and he shrank from the secrets buried in the depths of that pale, smooth sand.

He heard the muffled padding of hoofs, and he crept to the edge of the plateau. He pressed himself against the ground, peering down into the narrow inlet. It was as he had planned. An old mare trotted certainly toward the oasis; a herd of wild horses followed her, whinnying and stamping eagerly. Len knew that it was midnight; for the outlaw herds shun the oases until they know that man sleeps. Last of all came the Red King. He had sent the mare as an advance-guard, while he trailed behind his herd to warn them of danger. The horses drank slowly, luxuriously, jostling and curveting. The colts played skittishly around the tank and were repeatedly scolded by the patient mares. The herd, led by the mare, filed silently from the oasis and disappeared into the inlet.

Then Len saw the Red King, alone, at the well. The moonlight played over the shallow silver water and the shining coat of the horse. He was a deep tawny red, too gold for sorrel and too warm for chestnut. His body was narrow, with a straight belly-line; his legs, smoothly muscled, tapered patricianly at the fetlock-joint. He held his head high, almost tossed upward, and his thick mane, like his tail, looked as if it had been spun from delicate copper wire. Len looked at him, marveling. He had heard much talk of him, of his cunning, of the men who had gone to their death when they had journeyed out into the desert to trap him. Vaqueros brought in other horses from the outlaw herds, but their fame was as naught to what it might have been had they conquered the Red King. Len felt nothing of the exhilaration that was known to these other men. He would have turned back, even then, save for the score that was written against him.

He had planned to ride stealthily through the narrow inlet, barring that means of escape, thus turning the Red King into the deep arroyo. But when he sprang into the saddle his horse whinnied joyously and tumbled down the path in a run. The Red King faced them at the mouth of the inlet, standing his ground. Perhaps he thought his enemy was another stallion come to battle for the right of the herd. When he saw the bridled, man-ridden horse, he sprang into the air and went bounding down the arroyo. Len spurred his horse after him. His plan had not failed; he had forced the king into the arroyo. Nothing remained but to rope him. It seemed very simple, but the distance between the two horses did not lessen. The Red King flew on ahead, incredibly light and swift, a little avalanche of pebbles flying from his heels. The arroyo narrowed suddenly, and the moonlight became a thread of silver far above. The king leaped into the air, and came down with a spring. He went ahead without breaking his even run. He had jumped over something, but Len could not know if it were a narrow chasm or but a clump of stones in the bed of the cañon. But he had no desire to rein in his horse and ride cautiously. He had set himself a task; and life, which had never been too sacred to him, seemed worth nothing but the right to do with it what he chose. The earth yawned before him, and far below he could hear a faint, crooning murmur. His pony took the gap unhesitatingly, but landed short on the far side, scrambling for footing. The loosened stones rattled down, and Len found himself waiting for the long-delayed ring when they would strike the bed. Somehow, his horse gained the ground and went stumbling on. But he could feel him trembling with fear, and clouds of steam rose from his flanks. Len saw that he had set himself to accomplish the impossible; no horse could outdistance the king, who knew the desert as a man-broken horse knows his corral. In like manner other men had ridden behind him to their death — covering untold leagues only to find themselves lost in the desert, far from water or habitation, their dead horses a mute reproach at their feet. Ceaselessly turning these and other things in his mind, Len reproached himself for his lack of wisdom. He might have staked a fresh pony in the arroyo, mounting him when his horse failed.

The Red King was far in the lead, a swiftly moving black shadow, his feet marked by bright, flying sparks. Once he passed through the shaft of light, and his mane flashed electric and gold. In a last burst of speed Len's horse pressed forward, gaining a little; but they dropped back, inch by inch. Finally they were moving so slowly that Len was conscious of details about him in the growing light. There were restless, black shadows on the floor of the cañon; and the arroyo became peopled with faint, menacing noises. Once an enormous lizard, edged with flame, darted up the sheer wall and stared at him with inquisitive, illuminated eyes. He spurred his horse on, pleading with him, but the knowledge of failure was in his heart. He would that he had the power to follow the king on foot; he cursed the horse that hampered him. That he was a certain rider, a man who knew horses as he knew men, availed him nothing. To-morrow the Red King, with his herd, would be far in the desert.

Len thought, causelessly, of Juan Alvarado. It was in that moment that he heard hoof-beats behind him, echoing from the walls and alternating with his own. His mind became peculiarly alive and sensitive. He speculated upon what startling secret the desert was about to gather unto itself. He wondered if the rest of the herd, with uncanny ingenuity, were bearing down upon him to stamp him out. Nothing seemed improbable in this ghastly journey through the very bowels of the desert. But he was without fear; he exulted in the thought of battle. He would have welcomed Alvarado—would have thrown aside his guns and fought him bare-handed.

The hoof-beats neared him, and he felt the spraying,

regular breath of an untired horse. A hand caught his arm, and Carlotta's voice said, breathlessly, "Take my reins. You can jump down on the other side, and mount my horse without stopping him." It was Carlotta's accent, and not her words, that convinced him of her reality.

Len took her reins and she dropped to the ground, running a few steps as she held to her saddle-horn. He let her horse drop behind him the length of the reins, and swung from his saddle. His legs were stiff and gave beneath him. He would have fallen without the support of the reins. He climbed into the other saddle without ever knowing how he got there. His own horse ran along beside him for a time, breathing hard and not seeming to know that he was riderless.

Carlotta's pony darted ahead, doubling his feet under him so swiftly that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. They gained on the Red King steadily, until Len could see the beautiful, warm colors of his tawny coat. Len swung his lariat over his head and threw it. The noose fell short of the king's heels by a good foot, and lay curling and writhing along the ground. Len drew it in, looping for another throw. Ahead, the arroyo was partly blocked by a fallen boulder that cast a deep, black shadow. As the king neared it Len saw a figure leap out from the darkness of it. It was not more than a silhouette, but Len knew that it was Juan Alvarado. He saw Juan swing his lariat, and he watched the loop spin out through the bar of moonlight toward the Red King. His heart stood still. But the king swerved, and the noose fell to the ground, catching on the rocky bed. Juan could not loose it, and by the time he cut it Len neared him. They swung around the boulder side by side, their stirrups knocking together. Juan was knotting his lariat, and Len saw that he had lost nearly a fourth of it in his unlucky throw. It was a slender advantage for Len, and the only one. For Juan was untired, his horse was fresh and trained to every trick and subterfuge by his service in the bull-ring. He bounded over the rocky path, whinnying and tossing his proud head. Carlotta's horse ran beside him, close to the ground, intent, wasting no strength. Beyond the king outdistanced them, fleet-footed and sure. Juan went slowly ahead, until he was a neck and withers in the lead. Then Len's pony gained, until Len could feel the spray from the other horse's bit. Again they were even. Beside him Len could hear Juan cursing. He saw him crouch over his horse's neck. The horse leaped forward. Carlotta's pony dropped behind a full length. Len was powerless. He saw Juan nearing the king, testing his rope. Len pleaded with his horse, and he thrilled at the eager response. The pony gained a little, but his breath came hard. Juan swung to one side, trying to get parallel with the king before throwing his short rope. The king swerved away from him, grazing the opposite wall. Juan followed him, swinging his lariat. Cornered, the king rose in the air, turned on his hind-legs and darted back down the cañon toward Len. Swinging aside from a collision, Len threw his rope. He felt a tremendous jar and was jerked from the saddle, striking against his shoulder. He relaxed with instinct born of long training, rolled over expertly, and came up standing. At the end of the lariat, the Red King stumbled to his feet. He lurched forward, dragging Len with him. But the battle was over. He was too worn to fight, and finally went crashing to the ground. Len looked at him unmoved, save for a vague feeling of satisfaction that the score was canceled. He bound him and staked him to the ground, avoiding the piteous, terror-filled eyes that followed his every movement.

Len straightened himself, to find Alvarado beside him, looking down from his saddle. Seeing him, Len took no credit unto himself for his victory, for the man sat his horse like a king and there was a smile on his lips. He dropped from the saddle and held out his hand.

"*Bueno!*" he said, and his voice was steady. Len gripped his hand silently, almost abashed, for he doubted that he could have accepted defeat with like courage.

"I am going on down toward the Mexican line," Alvarado said, casually. "I am to fight again in the Sonora ring." As he rode away down the cañon, the moonlight on his spangled bolero, Len understood why he was a great matador.

When Len rode back he found Carlotta waiting for him at a little pass that cut into the arroyo. She was on foot and leaned against the wall, just beyond the flickering ray of light.

"The Red King is staked out to the ground, down there," he said, without emotion. She did not answer.

"How did you get here, Carlotta?" he demanded.

She laughed softly. "I asked Juan Alvarado if the Red King would not wear out one horse, and when he said 'yes' I rode out here to bring you a fresh pony. I know all about this cañon—much better than you do—and I knew you would have to run the king down here from the Coyote Well—if you got him."

"You rode all the way out here?" Len asked, unable to believe her, although she stood within reach of his hand. "You should not have done it!" he said roughly, partly to conceal his own emotion.

"I am used to riding," Carlotta answered, but her voice was tired. "I started early, and I had to ride slowly because I was leading the other horse. I left early in the afternoon."

"Then you didn't dance to-night?" Len was suddenly incapable of reasoning.

"How could I?" she asked, holding out her bandaged arm.

Len stood silent. A hundred words of reproach, of triumph, of endearment, came rushing to his lips, but he could not speak one of them.

"The riding didn't hurt it much—really, truly," Carlotta said. "It was just hard to manage my reins and the other horse, too."

"You should not have done it," Len repeated.

"I should not have asked you to do it, either," Carlotta answered. "I didn't know what a big thing I had asked of you until I talked to Juan."

"It is just a matter of luck that Juan didn't return to you, instead of me," Len said.

"What? what? I don't understand you. He is at Wolsey's Tank."

"You didn't tell him that the king was here?" Len asked.

"No." She flung her head back, as if defying him to condemn her boldness.

"He was waiting farther down the arroyo—at that big boulder," Len said.

Carlotta's eyes blazed. "That was not fair! He wanted you to run the king down the cañon, then he would lariat him!"

"It doesn't matter," Len answered. "Nothing matters if you were willing to let him go to Wolsey's Tank without giving him a show to get the king for you. For you do—you will marry me, Carlotta?" He had not meant to say the words in such fashion; he wanted so much to take her in his arms, to soothe her, to kiss her tired, trembling hands, that he could think of nothing else.

"No, I will not marry you," Carlotta said, quietly, and opened her outstretched hand, showing his crumpled letter. "You would not have me." She said it with pathetic dignity; and he saw how much he had hurt her.

"I would take you any way I could get you," Len said, passionately, "and you know it, Carlotta."

She threw the letter on the ground. "Well," she answered, almost carelessly, "you could hardly expect me not to hate you, after that."

Len drew her roughly into the light. He was suddenly aware of a number of things. "You love me," he said, peremptorily, "and you wouldn't be here if I hadn't written that letter."

She stared back at him without answer.

"And you're going back to Silver Shaft and marry me."

It was the first time in her life Carlotta had been ordered to do anything, and Len knew it. She looked away from him, her eyes disdainful, antagonistic. Waiting, Len knew, if she did not yield, that he would break her will to his, no matter what the cost. But she turned back, and all the exultation that should have been his when he bound the Red King flamed up within him when she gave him her hands.

But he hesitated. "On one condition, dear," he said, and waited, trembling.

"I do," she whispered, and drew closer to him. "And I am so tired of this fighting you." She put her hands on his shoulders and drew back, looking up at him. "I do—do love you," she whispered, and even in the faint moonlight Len saw the color come and go in her cheeks. "Now, please kiss me." He took her in his arms, shaken almost to tears by the completeness of her surrender.

An Inland Lighthouse

THE REMARKABLE NEW STRUCTURE THAT ILLUMINATES NEW YORK'S SEA-CHANNEL

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

ONE always thinks of a lighthouse as crowning some tall rock against whose base the ocean surges thunder incessantly. The great beacon that the Federal Government has just completed and put in operation to guide ships coming up the Ambrose Channel into New York Harbor at night is more than two miles inland. It is set on the top of a green, tree-clad hill. A broad sweep of undulating country—farmlands and forests and spired villages—separates it from the sea. It is officially known as the Staten Island Rear Range Light, and it sends its white brilliance—a path nearly three thousand feet wide—twenty-five miles through the blackness of the night.

The Ambrose Channel is one of the greatest waterways in all the world. This new light and the others already in place practically complete its illumination. So well lighted is it now that it is as safe for ships at night as Broadway is for vehicles. The Ambrose Channel is a huge sea canal on which the Government spent some eight years and $5,000,000. It is seven and one-half miles long, two thousand feet wide, and forty feet deep. It was finished less than a year ago. It extends in a huge angle from the ocean far up into the Lower Bay and provides a safe channel for the greatest ships in the world. The channel is marked by two lines of buoys, bell-buoys on one side and whistling buoys on the other, with the West Bank Light at the head. But in severe storms the buoys are sometimes dislodged. With the Staten Island Rear Range Light in service, however, the two lights dead ahead of vessels furnish a certain indication of the channel's center.

This oddly placed inland lighthouse, which surmounts Richmond Hill, Staten Island, stands 230 feet above the sea. Ninety feet of this is the elevation of the tower itself. It is what is known as a "fixed" light. It does not revolve like the flashing beacon on the Navesink Highlands, but shines steadily in one direction—straight along the broad watery lane of the Ambrose Channel. It is a kerosene vapor lamp, and sends its twenty-five-mile ray from a mantle not much larger than half a banana. Its brilliancy is 300,000 candle-power.

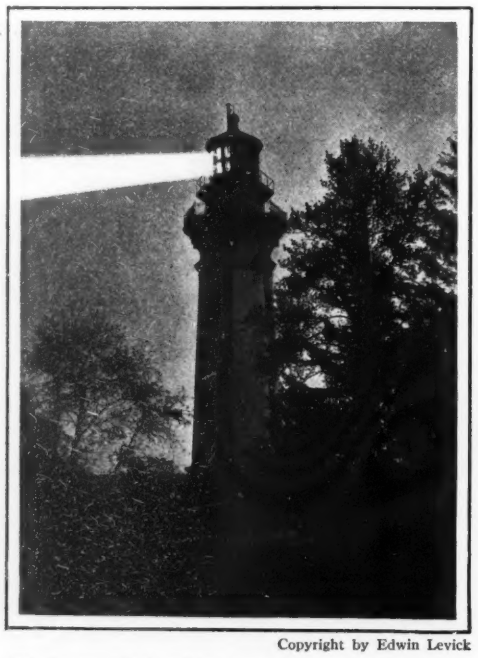
The light comes from an apparatus which one could easily shoulder and carry up-stairs. It consists of two brass cylindrical tanks, each about eight inches in diameter and three feet in height. In one of these kerosene oil is heated until it vaporizes. Under air-pressure from the other tank the oil is forced through a nozzle 1-100th of an inch in diameter. It is the combustion of the vapor which gives the light.

In the old style of beacon it was simply a matter of turning up a wick and striking a match. Lighting this new beacon is a much more complicated matter. The keeper has to begin work half an hour before sundown. When the air-pressure has been raised to the required degree the oil is turned into the vaporizer, and through the use of alcohol, which is lighted, it is heated until it becomes a gas. Then it does its own heating, and the alcohol spray is turned off. No one has attempted to measure the temperature that is created in the mantle. Nickel is the only metal which has been found capable of resisting the intense heat.

There is a duplicate lighting apparatus, and, if both should fail, the emergency reserve is another type of oil-lamp, but little less brilliant.

The light generated by the kerosene vapor and the mantle is but 1,500 candle-power, but this is intensified two hundred times by the huge lenses back of the light. The great reflector is not a single concave piece of glass, like a locomotive headlight. It is made up of a number of hoops of glass in the form of prisms, with bull's-eye centers which catch up all the rays and refract them until they are parallel and pass out in a great bar of white radiance. In the center is the big circular lens. The ribs that hold all this wonderful device together are of metal.

In the matter of candle-power this new light on the Staten Island hills is not especially remarkable, but in its range and penetrating power it is equal to the flashing beacon on the Navesink Highlands whose electric arc furnishes 20,000,000 candle-power. It is regarded by lighthouse experts as one of the most wonderful beacons in the world.



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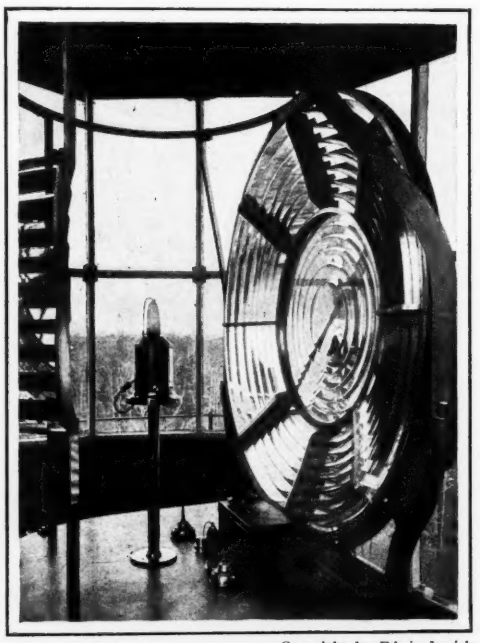
The beacon that guides ocean ships coming up the Ambrose Channel is more than two miles inland



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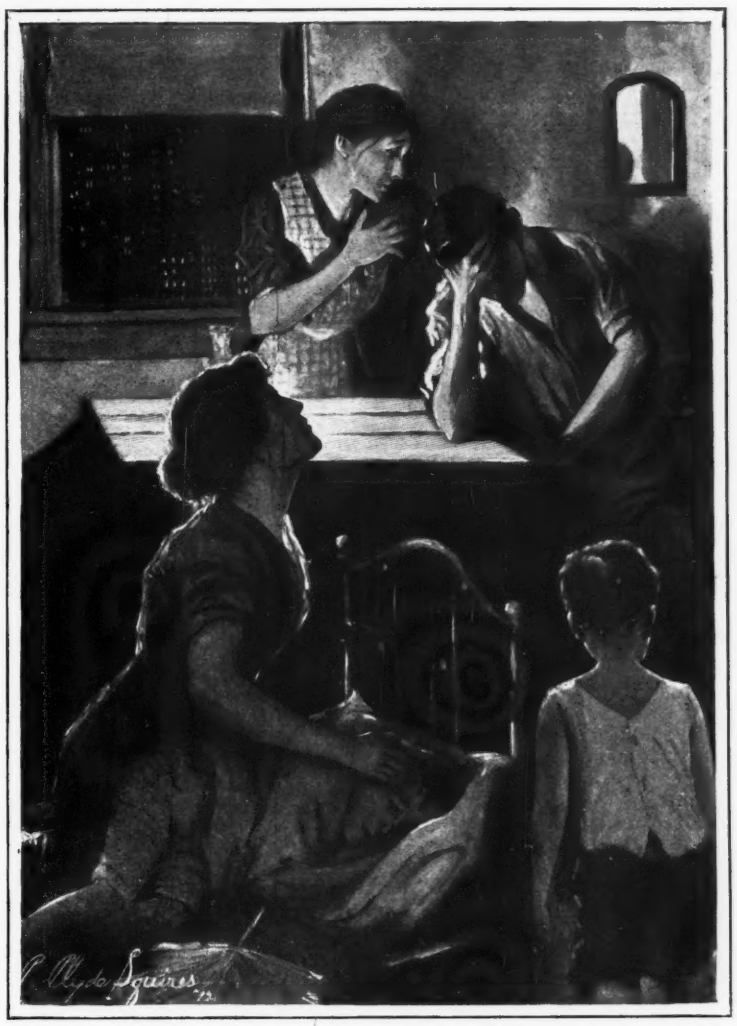
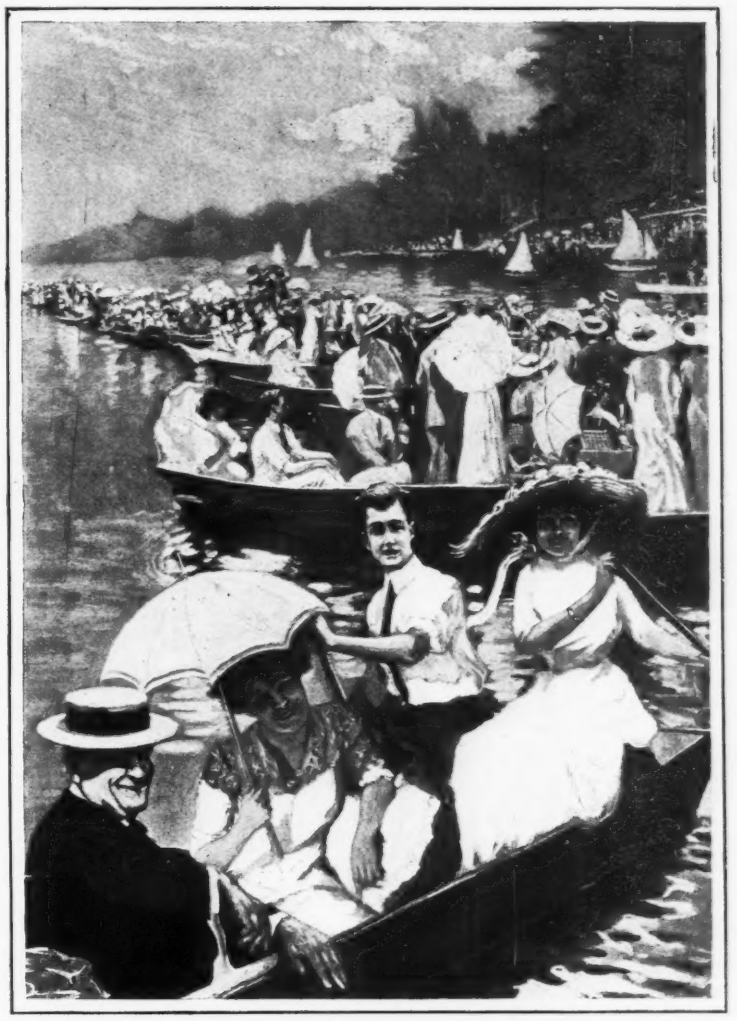
The great reflector of Jena glass that multiplies the light 200 times and throws a beam 25 miles





HOW SOME NEW-YORKERS WILL SPEND THE SUMMER

Interludes

COURAGE

BRAVE men are they who set their faces toward the polar bergs and floes, who roam the wild, unpeopled places, perchance to find among the snows a resting-place remote and lonely; a winding-sheet of deathless white, where elemental voices only disturb the brooding year-long night.

Brave souls are they whose man-made pinions have borne them over plains and seas, who conquered wide and new dominions, and strapped a saddle on the breeze. Their engine-driven wings are wearing new pathways through the realm of clouds; they play with death, with dauntless daring, to please the breathless, fickle crowds.

Brave men go forth to distant regions, forsaking luxury and ease; through all the years they've gone in legions, to unknown lands, o'er stormy seas; and when, by sword or fever smitten, they blithely journeyed to the grave, full well they knew their names were written down in the annals of the brave.

I am as brave as any rover described in gay, romantic screeds, but, when my fitful life is over, no epic will narrate my deeds. Condemned to silent heroism, I go my unmarked way alone, and no one hands me prune or prism, as token that my deeds are known. But yesterday my teeth were aching, and to the painless dentist's lair I took my way, unawed, unquaking, and sat down in the fatal chair. He dug around my rumbling molars with drawing-knives and burglars' tools, and cross-cut saws and patent rollers, and marlinspikes and two-foot rules. He climbed upon my lap and prodded with crowbar and with garden spade, to see that I was not defrauded of all the agony that's made. He pulled and yanked and pried and twisted, and uttered oft his battle shout, and now and then his wife assisted—till finally the teeth came out. And never once while thus he pottered around my torn and mangled jowl—not once, while I was being slaughtered, did I let out a single howl! No brass-bands played, none sang a ditty of triumph as I took my way; no signs of "Welcome to Our City" were hung across the street that day!

Thus you and I and plain, plug mortals may show a courage high and fine, and be obscure, while some jay chortles in triumph where the limelights shine.

WALT MASON.

"NO, EFFIE, YOU'RE NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE CANDY. YOU'VE HAD TWO PIECES ALREADY."

"'SCUSE ME, MOTHER, I'VE ONLY HAD ONE. I COUNTED IT."

AUNT MARGARET. ARE YOU STILL THINKING OF TAKING UP THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION?

NEPHEW. OH YES! I'VE SENT MY ADDRESS AND PHOTOGRAPH TO THE MANAGERS, AND NOW IT'S UP TO THEM.

A MERE MAN'S OPINION

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Whackhurst, "that it is a bad thing for a woman to have an aim in life?"

"I do," said Whackhurst, "especially if she's going to throw bricks. She might hit something."

A WIDE-AWAKE PRISONER

"THE jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar," said the judge, dryly, "but for some reason unknown to me they have recommended you to the mercy of the court. In view of your crime you must be hanged, but in view of that recommendation to mercy you may choose the method of hanging."

"All right, your Honor," replied the prisoner. "If that's the case, I guess I'll be hanged in effigy."

A GOOD EXCUSE

IT was on the sleeping-car.

"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert-hall? The rest of us want to sleep."

"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little air—"

It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.

AN OMINOUS SITUATION

"WHAT'S the matter, Jingle?" asked Hawkesbee. "You look worried."

"I am worried," said Jingle. "I'm afraid that boy of mine is getting irregular in his habits."

"That's too bad," said Hawkesbee. "What are the symptoms?"

"He hasn't telegraphed home for money now for ten days," said Jingle. "He used to be as regular as Tuesday with his appeals."

A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION

"Now, Mr. Freshe," said the professor, "can you demonstrate that X equals 0?"

"Sure," said Mr. Freshe. "I write home asking the governor for an X, and get nothing—Q. E. D."

"Excellent," returned the professor. "I'll give you the same for your mark."

AN OUTWORN PHRASE

IS "A DOG'S LIFE" NECESSARILY A MISERABLE ONE?

SECRETARY WILSON AND THE PURE FOOD LAW

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

RECORDED BY A. R. PINCI

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THAT the provisions of the pure-food law, officially known as the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, are not elastic enough and must be amended before they can remedy some of the defects which legislators evidently had in mind when the law was passed by Congress, is an important admission made by Mr. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, in the first interview he has given out on the subject. In view of the recent controversy in the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson's statements, made for HARPER'S WEEKLY, are of great interest.

"What pure food is seems offhand a simple enough question," said Mr. Wilson, "but its complications and fine differentiations, which multiply during the process of investigating the purity of food, are such as to baffle for a time even the most expert chemists and agents of the Department of Agriculture. It is due to the many difficulties and obstacles encountered that the department proceeds with the greatest caution in its campaign against impure food and drugs, a not unreasonable delay which in many quarters has been deemed a malicious desire to subvert the operation of the Food and Drugs Act.

"We hear a great deal about the adulteration of foods and drugs. But what are they, anyway? We are told that these adulterations are numerous and that nearer fifty per cent. than twenty-five per cent. of our food is adulterated, and the adulterations are by the use of chemicals deleterious to health. Compilation of a statement from some chemist can show a large number of analyses made during a series of years and that a long list of foods is adulterated. The word 'adulteration' does not apply to all cases of adulteration, strictly speaking. Generally many foods are 'adulterated' when they would be the reverse if the makers had put upon the packages the proper labeling. A mixture of buckwheat flour is adulterated, but its sale is legal everywhere if the facts are so stated on the label. Other foods are misbranded because the labels on their containers do not truthfully state the facts of the contents, but, if the labels be made proper, then the food would be legally salable. In other cases there are violations of law only because the statements required by law are not present, net weight is not stated or incorrectly stated, or size of type used for printing is not as prescribed by statute. Other violations are by reason of natural decay, as the sale of rotten eggs or by reason of unsanitary places of manufacture.

Secretary Wilson

"Food that is not pure may be simply impure or adulterated; it may be naturally so or it may become so through change after its primary state of purity, or, especially, it may be intentionally adulterated. It is not my purpose to claim that the situation relative to our national foodstuffs was always as it is now, and it may be possible to show that worse conditions existed a decade or two ago. But figures from official sources seem to indicate that, with all the diligence of trained inspectors, the number of food adulterations discovered, so far as they might affect the health, is extremely small if we confine the discussion to the use of chemicals or other ingredients actually added by the makers of the various foods.

"Analysis of food, in order to determine its purity, has so many ramifications that no little work is imposed upon the Department of Agriculture, laborious research of both scientific and legal character, upon which depends the ultimate success of the analysis and its official result. Because it must be remembered that the findings of the department, in cases adverse to manufacturers, must be taken to the courts, subject to judicial review, and a verdict upholding the department's contentions can only be assured upon the presentation of incontrovertible facts. Technicalities are a pitfall, and to avoid them the representatives of the department engaged in upholding the rules and regulations of the Food and Drugs Act must act within the most conservative limit of the law.

"No official connected with the enforcement of the provisions of the act can yield to his personal wishes or inclinations in reaching his decisions. In many cases—for instance, those relating to the use of benzoate of soda and saccharin—the question remained open until after prolonged hearings had taken place, and the final decisions followed, as in the case of judicial construction, upon the facts adduced. Benzoate of soda may now be used to a prescribed ratio in the preservation of food, although some object to its use and others do not, while saccharin could no longer be used after April 1, 1912.

"In settling the question of pure food and what it is the legal aspects are not any more potential than public opinion itself. In other words, the regulations of the Food and Drugs Act operate in the interests of the people, but it rests with the people whether they want food branded officially pure according to law, or whether they would rather interpret the purity of 'officially pure' food themselves. To illustrate I will say that although benzoate of soda may be used as a preservative, and its existence in a given article is authorized by law, if purchasers object to the chemical they will refrain from using any article which contains it. In this case the Food and Drugs Act protects the general public to the extent of making known the existence of ingredients to which they may or may not object, although the legal restrictions imposed now will guard that portion of the people which ignores labels, quality, and process of manufacture.

"The pure-food law has been in effect more than five years, a time sufficient to show decided results in correcting evils existing in the manufacture, sale, and transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, liquors for many decades. The application of its provisions has been steady and well directed, with all consistent promptness and with a view to preventing the department's decisions from being reversed by the courts. In many cases where an industry in staple products was found faulty by the department slow progress could be made in settling the contested point, because the manufacturer has the right to be heard, and a hasty verdict on our part or our unwillingness to point out the wrongs to the manufacturer might have caused heavy losses upon either an innocent manufacturer or one whose process needed, as careful analysis would show, but a minor change in order to make the product technically and commercially pure.

"During the last year, as in previous years, the Food and Drugs Act has been effectively enforced by the Department of Agriculture and the United States attorneys. Cordial co-operation has existed between our department and the Department of Justice. The prime object of the act being the securing of wholesome food and properly labeled drugs for the people at large, we set out to bring this about. In one case, however, it was found that the act was inadequate to remedy faulty conditions, and the decision of the courts was adverse to the government. Misbranding was alleged of a so-called 'mild combination treatment for cancer' consisting of several packages bearing statements that the treatment would effect the cure of cancer. The indictment alleged that these representations were false and misleading statements regarding the article and that the drug was misbranded, because the analysis showed the treatment to be worthless and ineffective for the pretended purpose. On defendant's motion to quash, the district court for the western district of Missouri held that inquiry under the Food and Drugs Act does not extend to the question whether a product is effective or worthless to accomplish the results claimed for it on the label. The judgment of the district court was affirmed by the Supreme Court, with the result that many manufacturers who had changed their labels since the act went into effect promptly adopted a label like the one discarded. The Department of Agriculture and several of its officials have been blamed for this state of affairs, which the President recognized to the extent of sending a message to Congress urging the immediate necessity for remedial legislation. Until this is forthcoming the labels on packages of drugs, patent and otherwise, may carry statements unbelievable, and the department is helpless.

"The Bureau of Chemistry, through its inspection force, collected 9,500 official samples of foods and drugs last year, and 2,000 additional samples for use in scientific investigations relating to the enforcement of the pure-food law, providing data on which 312 seizures were made. Each of these samples was referred to the appropriate laboratory at Washington or to one of the branch inspection laboratories, the reports from the latter points showing that 3,280 interstate samples were found to be legal and 3,113 misbranded or adulterated, while 503 check analyses were made to insure that correct results were obtained before recommending action on the samples. In connection with this work 5,370 hearings were held, less than half being by correspondence. There were 96,129 floor inspections made of imported products, of which over half were made at New York. A total of 9,698 imported foods and drugs was analyzed, of which number 3,085 were adjudged adulterated or misbranded and 1,268 were released without prejudice to future shipments.

"The analyses made at the Washington laboratories must also be considered. Here check analyses are made and all cases prepared for the consideration of the board, in addition to the original analyses made for inspection or investigating work. Approximately 752 samples were reported by the drug-inspection laboratories, of which 529 were domestic products; 231 of these were found to be adulterated or misbranded. The Food Inspection laboratory proper reports 2,067 domestic samples and 1,097 imported foods, largely check samples on branch laboratory reports, and 2,142 cases were prepared here for consideration. The Food Technology laboratory reports 108 initial and check samples and 185 cases prepared on extracts and essential oils; the Dairy laboratory reports 320 official interstate and import samples and the preparation of 347 cases; the Water laboratory 200 samples, only 39 being of foreign origin, of which 11 were misbranded, while 39 of the 161 interstate samples were considered illegal and 6 seizures were made; of the 500 interstate samples of cattle and poultry foods, 76 were found to be adulterated or misbranded. This total of 3,672 domestic and 1,302 import samples at the Washington office gives a general total of 22,974 samples examined in the course of the inspection work.

"These figures, which are official, show the extent of the activities of the department and the extent to which the cases are made subject to the Food and Drugs Act. Sometimes the work is tedious, but the inspectors and chemists deserve much praise for their painstaking efforts.

"What I deem perhaps one of the most important subjects of investigation is the collection and analysis of about thirty different brands of infants' foods, supplemented by feeding experiments on small animals, using the commercial formulas for preparing the foods and also certain modifications. The detailed data were collated, and some of the results have already been profitably used in charted form for the information of societies interested in this problem, which is of great importance in the conservation of public health.

"Care in the preparation of clean, wholesome products is a demand met by progressive manufacturers in a gratifying manner. Many are discarding or radically modifying old systems of handling, and others, realizing that the use of certain kinds of decayed stock is indefensible, are discontinuing the practice. Many firms which formerly paid little attention to sorting tomatoes, for instance, before making pulp for catchup or soup stock, have come to realize that without this precaution it is impossible to guarantee a satisfactory product.

"The activities of the department during the last fiscal year included 325 cases reported for criminal prosecution and 337 seizures of adulterated and misbranded foods and drugs recommended, making 1,162 cases, or forty per cent. of the whole number of cases reported since the Food and Drugs Act went into effect on January 1, 1907. There were 683 cases prosecuted by the United States attorneys, or about fifty per cent. of all the cases brought to judgment up to June 30, 1911. About $16,000 was the amount of fines imposed, and costs were generally assessed against the defendants, although even the right so to do had to be upheld by the Supreme Court. Decrees of condemnation and forfeiture were entered against nearly 300 shipments of adulterated and misbranded foods and drugs, and it was insisted that in every case where foods were found to consist of filthy, decomposed, or putrid substances, or to contain poisonous or deleterious ingredients, orders be entered directing the destruction of the goods.

"It is my opinion that the Food and Drugs Act is highly effective in its present form. The President, however, has made a special recommendation to the Congress that the law should be amended in order to overcome the Johnson decision. Such an amendment would be gratifying to the department, as would a supplementary amendment, covering the prohibition of incorrect or fraudulent statements on labels of food and drug packages.

"It has been stated by some that the fines imposed upon violators of the law have been inadequate to the offense and that their payment was proof conclusive that it is cheaper to pay the fine and continue the violation. From this source comes the suggestion of providing by statute heavier fines, since imprisonment is hardly to be expected except in isolated flagrant criminal cases. A fine of $200 for the first offense and subsequent fines of $300, provided by law now, are deemed too low, it is declared, and Congress may be asked to keep the present amounts as a minimum limit with a maximum of $1,000 to $5,000."

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR

CORPORAL HAMPTON M. ROACH, TROOP F, FIFTH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

AWARDED THE MEDAL OF HONOR FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION AGAINST HOSTILE UTE INDIANS AT MILK CREEK, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 29 TO OCTOBER 5, 1879, IN BUILDING BREASTWORKS UNDER FIRE AND KEEPING THE COMMAND SUPPLIED WITH WATER DURING THREE CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS, WHILE EXPOSED TO THE FIRE OF AMBUSHED INDIANS AT CLOSE RANGE

Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE TREND OF THE BOND MARKET

WE hear so much these days about the high cost of living and what it is doing to the business man's surplus that it doesn't seem possible that anybody can have any money left to invest in anything. Lots of things, however, that don't seem possible really are possible, and this is one of them. Ask the bond men and they'll tell you that there is really quite a little money being invested in bonds. Out of this quarter of a billion dollars of July interest and dividend money which has just been sent out, for instance, there is quite a respectable amount being put back into securities. It isn't as much as the investment dealers would like to see it, of course—the percentage reinvested could be 99.9 and still that would be true—but it's enough to make a big hole in the line of surplus bonds they are carrying. It doesn't require a very vivid imagination to picture a better bond-market than that prevailing at present, but, on the other hand, the idea that the market is dead and that there is no bond-buying at all going on is away off the line of truth. Scattered all over the country there are thousands of people who are giving a lot of attention to the investment of surplus money, and to the question as to whether or not this is a good time to go ahead and buy.

Where does the bond-market stand now; are prices up or down?—that is the first question to be considered.

On the last day of June the average of the twenty-five characteristic bonds usually taken for purposes of comparison stood at 90.14. That represented a gain of six-one-hundredths of one per cent. from the average at the end of May, but was, with that exception, the lowest since July, 1908. In that month, when the effects of the panic were still making themselves strongly felt, the average price of the twenty-five bonds stood at 89.97.

In July, 1908, just after the panic, 89.97. In June, 1912, four years away from it, 90.14. Think of it—is those four years a gain in the average price of twenty-five representative bonds of only seventeen-one-hundredths of one per cent.! No gain at all when you come to think of it. Indeed, an actual loss. Nearly all the bonds in the list sell below par. Being four years nearer their maturity now than they were then, they *ought* to sell higher. For a bond quoted below par to stand still in price for four years is really for that bond to decline in price. It has to rise somewhat just to keep its income-yield the same.

So much for that view of it. Now let's get this present price of 90.14 in better perspective. How does it compare with prices made before the panic—say, back in 1906?

Well, in January, 1906, the average of these twenty-five bonds stood at 97.91. During the following months there was a decline, the price on the last day of June getting down to 96.43. *Down* to 96.43! Just glance at the price of these bonds now (90.14) and then think of their having sold *down* to a price six clear points above the present level. That shows as plainly as anything can where bond prices stand now relative to where they stood six or eight years ago.

One other thing about this question of price-level—what has been its movement during the past year or so? We are away down below the point at which bonds used to sell before the panic. Have we been getting further away from it during recent months or has anything in the nature of a recovery been taking place? A glance at the month-to-month change in the averages shows, unfortunately, that the latter has not been the case. A year ago this month the average stood at 91.43. From then on, till February, 1912, prices were fairly well maintained, the average at the end of February standing at 91.14. Since then, however, there has been a steady decline, a low point of 90.08 being touched at the end of May. In June prices did a little better, a gain of .06 of a point being recorded. According to the last figures made up, we are thus within a trifling fraction of the lowest point.

Take the present price-level and compare it with that of a year ago or two years ago or six years ago, and one thing stands out unmistakably—that is, that bonds are to-day selling at a low price. Low? says the man who doesn't believe in bonds. What do you mean by a "low" price? When you say that a thing is "low" in price—lower than in years, if you will—you don't necessarily say that it is "cheap." Lots of things that used to be expensive can be bought now at a much lower price simply because nobody wants them. Does the fact that bond-prices have gone down six or eight points in the last six or eight years prove that bonds are a purchase now?

No, it doesn't prove it—not by any means. But it does strongly suggest to the intelligent investor that it's a situation well worth looking into. Here we have had a steady decline in bonds which has carried the price-level back almost to where it was at the end of the panic period. In past years when the bond-market has gone down it has always come up again—it has always been a safe proposition to buy good bonds whenever one of these declines took place. Is it a safe proposition now? Will the present decline be followed as in the past by recovery, or has the price of bonds gone down to stay?

The latter is a rather startling proposition when you come to think of it. It means the loss of many hundreds of millions of dollars by investors and institutions, and it means, furthermore, that they are not going to get this money back. Not only that, but it means that the raising of money by railroads and other big corporations through the sale of bonds is going to be a much harder proposition than it has ever been before—that the price the public will pay for new bonds will be lower and that the money will thus cost the borrower a high rate of interest. Such a change in conditions would come pretty close to being revolutionary. The burden of proof certainly rests upon any one who claims that such a change in conditions has taken place.

Let us look for a moment at the argument of those who claim that bond prices have gone down to stay. The rise in commodity prices, or, to put it another way, the increase in the cost of living, is the reason generally first advanced. Because the dollar will not buy as much as it would six or eight years ago, we are told, the investor feels that he has to get more income from his investments even if he has to sacrifice something in the way of safety. The income from the good old first-mortgage bonds which he has held so long used to be sufficient for his needs, but is sufficient no longer. What is the result? Simply that he makes up his mind to sell the bonds he has and replace them with a security bearing a higher rate of interest. That, of course, is a bad thing for the market in the old-line bonds. He isn't the only investor who feels the need of a higher rate of income. There are thousands like him throughout the country, all disposed to take the first opportunity to sell out what they have and change to something else. Naturally, under the circumstances, prices suffer.

This is the first great argument, and it would not only be wrong but futile to attempt to minimize its force. Prices and the cost of living have gone up tremendously. Investors everywhere have felt the pinch and the need of a higher income. There has, in consequence, been widespread liquidation of high-grade, low-interest-bearing bonds. And, as a result, prices have suffered. All that is perfectly true. But—and this with a capital B—the fact that living-costs have gone up and that that has hurt the price of the best bonds by no means proves that the price of the best bonds is never going to recover. To prove that, it would be necessary to show not only that the present level of commodity prices has come to stay, but that the strong forces which, after a big decline in the price of securities, always come into play to bring about a recovery are going this time to remain ineffective.

Can it be proved that the cost of living is to continue going up, or even that it will remain as high as it is? Concerning its causes, the most eminent economists are completely at variance. We don't really know what is the trouble—much less whether the trouble is temporary or permanent. All we know is that commodity prices have gone back to the high level established *five or six years ago*, from which point, in the mean time, prices have at times shown a decline of as much as ten per cent. They are back again, now, at the high point, but that doesn't by any means prove that they are going to keep on going up. By a good many close observers of conditions, indeed, it is regarded as very much of a question whether commodity prices will remain as high as they are now for any length of time.

And then, again, what about the fact that after such a decline as has taken place in the price of the best bonds a new class of buyers is created, and other forces set into play which work strongly to bring about a recovery? With living costs as they are, a first-mortgage, long-term, four-per-cent. bond at par doesn't probably look attractive to the average investor. But that same bond beaten down to 90 is a different proposition. At 100 it is "high." At 90 it is "low." Where there are mighty few buyers for it at the former figure, at the latter there are a good many. Banks and trust companies and insurance companies are steadily increasing their holdings of securities. Good bonds at present prices and yielding the income they do appeal to these institutions, where, not so many years past, they would not have been in the least interested.

The other great argument against buying high-grade bonds at the present time is that their price is bound to continue to suffer by reason of the continued output of securities bearing a higher rate of interest. As long, we are told, as one new issue after another of perfectly good bonds yielding five or six per cent. are being offered, the "old-line" securities yielding only around four per cent. are bound to suffer in price. Why should any one be content to draw four or four and a half per cent. from his investments when he might just as well be drawing five or five and a half?

There is force in the argument, but not nearly as much as in the other one mentioned. Undoubtedly, a large number of holders of the "old line" bonds have become convinced that we are in an era of higher returns on capital and have switched over into the newer forms of security. But to replace these defections from the ranks there have been plenty of recruits. Take the bond-holdings of the banks and trust companies, for instance, and compare them with holdings five or six years ago. At once it will appear to what an extent bonds are being absorbed in that direction. And these increased purchases, it must be borne in mind, are of bonds of the best sort; the new, untried, high-interest-bearing securities may be all right for individual investment, but do not fulfil the requirements of the banks. Similarly with the increased investment in bonds by business houses. The last three or four years have seen millions of dollars of temporarily idle business capital and accumulated profits invested in good bonds, funds which up to within a few years ago nobody would seriously have thought of investing that way. And it is into the "old line" bonds that all this money is going. Income is an entirely secondary consideration. Marketability and price stability are what is wanted, and it is in this class of bond and in this class only that they are to be found.

The supply of bonds of this class, too, is limited. Railroads and other big corporations can go on issuing an almost indefinite amount of "refunding" and "development" and "improvement" bonds; but the properties are in most cases pretty well mortgaged already and not many real "firsts" can be put out. To say that the supply of good bonds in existence cannot be added to would be to overstate the case, but it is very much of a question whether possible additions during the next few years are as great as the increased absorptive capacity on the part of banks and business houses before alluded to.

The price of good bonds at the present time is low; there is no doubt about that—low in comparison with what it was last year or two years ago or six years ago. The high cost of living and the competition of the new high-interest-bearing securities have thoroughly done their work. But that it is a permanently lower level to which bond prices have sunk is hard to believe; and, indeed, there is little reason for believing any such thing. What has happened so far is that under a combination of adverse circumstances there has been a big decline in bond prices, a decline which, like all swings of the pendulum in the securities markets, has gone further than was reasonable. Possibly it may go still further—there is no telling about that. But for the statement that there will be no recovery, that bond-prices have sought this low level there to remain for good, there seems precious little foundation.

In a Portuguese Garden

By Thomas Walsh

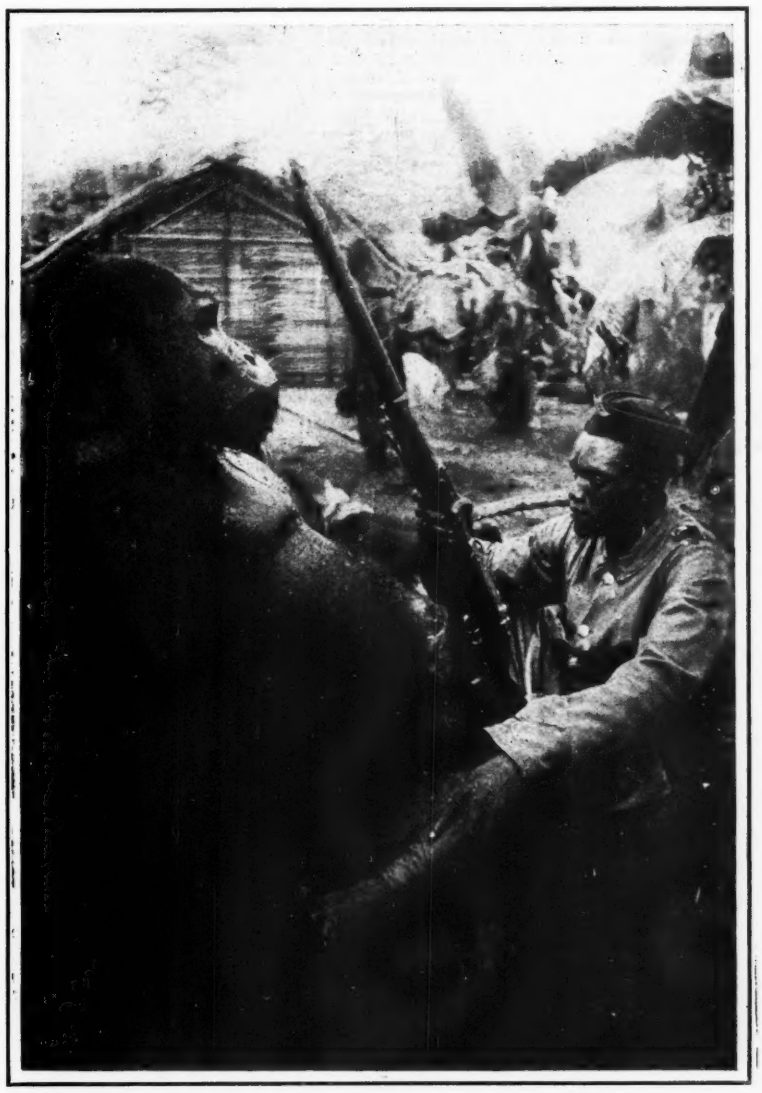
GONE is he who bore the thunder
Of Braganza's kings afar;
Down the Indus worlds of wonder
Lit their scepter with his star;
Gone—so day's last pageant molders—
Gone, the swarthy, bleeding shoulders
Golden-shackled to his car!
Moonlight on his pools and basins
And the shadow of a rose;
Down the cypress cliffs there hastens
Water glamorous as those
Loosed by Cynthia off the mountains
Here, where mosses hushed the fountains
Of Endymion's repose.

Nightingales, whose breast remembers
Loves so rare as these,
Round the roofless temple embers,
Tiled kiosks, and druid trees
With a wilder sob are shaken
Where the Viceroy's halls forsaken
Echo back his far decrees.
All his spices, plumes, and treasure—
Could they match the sheathing moss
O'er his threshold?—could they measure
Aught that puts the rose at loss?
Though his carven trophies glory
In their crumbling Sanskrit story,
Let its petals fall across.

Multiple Thinking

It has been asserted that the brain can function directly only upon one thought at one time and that the apparent multitude of matters considered by the mind in a minimum of time is due to the rapidity with which thought moves from one to the other. For instance, two objects that form one mental picture, as two horses, may be visualized at once; yet distant things, as a city and a mountain, are entertained by the mental faculties not at the same instant, but in rapid succession.

Take the example of a man seated at a piano playing and singing. Before him is the sheet of music, perhaps new to him. In the lines and spaces the notes have different meanings or places in the octave of the key-board according as they are in the bass or the treble cleff. The player's two hands are busied with these two lines of music, which are thus of slightly different meaning and are altogether different in performance, having in common only harmony and time. There are also the composer's annotations, or directions for emphasis, to which the player gives regard or not, as he pleases. Then there are the printed words of the song to be read and to be sung. Also the player's foot must sometimes operate the pedal, which, in addition, it is the experience of every player that unrelated thoughts enter his mind: the probable pleasure or dislike of the audience and even memories recent or far in the past. With all that the music must be executed in proper time. Thus at the same instant the performer may be busied with four lines of text: two of the notes, one of musical annotation, one of words; his foot operating the pedal, his two hands finding the notes on the key-board to which he occasionally looks, while his voice is engaged in song, and his emotions enter the singing and playing, together with thoughts of external, unrelated matters. It seems too much to allow the argument here that the entire reading is done with infinite rapidity between the playing of the notes, and that the mind then directs the hands to press the keys and the foot to press the pedal and the voice to sing at the proper moment, and then releases itself from that part in order to sweep across the four lines of text for the next measure or part of a measure. It is true that the muscles have some automatic powers, yet there must be some mental supervision simultaneously directed over the complete performance.



SOMETHING YOU WON'T FIND IN THE ZOO

THE MONSTER SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS KILLED BY THE NATIVE SOLDIER IN THE GERMAN COLONY OF KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA. ITS SIZE, WHICH WAS SURPASSED IN LIFE BY ITS STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE, SHOWS CLEARLY WHY NO ADULT GORILLA EXISTS IN CAPTIVITY

Commercializing the Wild Horse

By FRANK J. ARKINS

Wild horses are to-day being trapped in Nevada in great numbers and are selling readily and at excellent prices in the East. They are valuable because of their wonderful powers of endurance. They rove on the great deserts by the thousands, and hunting them for delivery in the Eastern markets is a business as systematically carried on as was the annihilation of the buffalo.

Formerly when a cowboy was "broke" and needed ready cash he would ride out and shoot a few wild horses, selling their hides for from 75 cents to $1.25 each. On the plains the wild horse was a detriment rather than otherwise. As the stockmen pushed into Nevada they waged war upon them. They killed the wild horses by the hundred because they lured their domesticated animals away. The ranchmen slaughtered wherever they could. With the increase of the cattle barons and the flock masters the wild horse became a greater and greater menace. An appeal was made to the State of Nevada to assist in destroying them. There was no mawkish sentiment about it. The horses, while fine specimens, were an undoubted nuisance. At one time the government seriously considered a campaign to obliterate the herds because they were retarding Nevada's growth.

Wild horses are swift and sure-footed, wily and suspicious, and able to outrace a domesticated animal. This is because they have always lived on the desert and can dodge the cactus and sidestep prairie-dog holes. When hard pressed they can outrun race-horses. Their lives in the open have made them altogether superior. In the mountains it is almost impossible to follow them because they climb heights and travel on paths that the horseman will not dare to follow.

When, a few years ago, the stockmen started their war the same plan was adopted as in the slaughter of the great buffalo herds. A hunter, followed by several "skinners," would creep up on a band of horses, getting as close to them as possible. At a favorable moment he would open fire with a magazine-gun. Riding after the herd, that had, of course, stampeded at his approach, he would shoot into it, bringing down horse after horse. The "skinners" would be just behind him and would at once remove the hides. In this simple way the work of extermination went on, and very profitably.

There has been found to be a better profit, however, in taking the animals alive. Gradually a system has been devised of capturing these horses in their haunts. The business has developed and expanded so that it has paid able men to enter into it. One of the first plans put into practice was for the "hunters" to camp near the water-holes where the herds came to drink, and drive the horses away. The wild horse comes up for water only when very thirsty. If he is deprived of water he remains in the neighborhood. The wary "hunter" used to stay near the water-hole. He would keep on staying there four or five days. At the end of that time he would quietly move away. Thereupon the horses would crowd, and, thirsty almost beyond the point of endurance, they would drink immoderately. The hunter would return, he would stampede the herd, and the horses having imbibed so much water, capturing them was comparatively easy.

This system was quickly discarded, however. It had to be. The horses were caught, it is true, and "roped" with very little trouble, but they were not in good condition.

It occurred to one wise man to capture one of these wild horses and ride him to the capture of others. Properly handled, the wild horse makes a fine mount. He can outrun almost any animal in the cow-camps. In a twenty-mile dash he can go the last mile as gamely as the first. The idea of capturing, breaking, and breeding these horses as a carefully-worked-out business occurred to several Nevada men about the same time. In two years they had it in full swing, and two years ago it became a recognized branch of the American horse industry. It had been put on a very firm commercial basis. The stroke of genius that has "made" the business, however, has been the "trapping" feature. This is very cleverly and expertly handled.

The man who invented it located a water-hole in the mountains. This he covered and by a series of pipes conducted the water a few hundred feet away. At first suspicious, the animals soon became accustomed to the change. Then he added a few hundred feet more of pipe and later a few hundred feet more. In this way and in the most gradual manner the horses were led into an enclosure so spacious that the animals did not realize that any fences were in existence. It would be useless to attempt to confine them there on account of the size of this enclosure. The idea was to familiarize the wild horses with the sight of the place. When that was accomplished the horses were led into another corral and from that to a third and smaller one.

The procedure, then, is simply to "creep" up on the horses and close the last gate. The animals are "cut out" of the herd at will, thrown, blindfolded, and bridled, after which they are saddled. Then a "puncher" who makes it a business to "bust broncos" jumps into the saddle, and the horse, frightened to death, proceeds to buck, twist, kick, and snort in an effort to free himself from the man and saddle. Some animals are "outlaws"—that is to say, no one seems to be able to ride them, and they have the faculty of "bucking" off pretty nearly every rider. But as a rule the horses are easily broken to the saddle. Then they are by training made "bridle wise." The rest is very easy.

When this stage is reached the horses are still "wild." That is to say, they will try to climb telegraph-poles at the sight of an automobile and become ague-stricken in the presence of a locomotive. They are now worth from ten to twenty-five dollars each. They are bought up and shipped away by the car-load to a city, where they are tied close to a railroad and other heavy traffic to get them used to the cars. Though feverish and excited for a few days, they quickly become docile. Finally they reach the Eastern market handsome, tough animals of great endurance that like to be petted and are just as affectionate as the city-bred animal.

Edible Flowers

The violet is not alone agreeable to see and to smell, but also, under certain conditions, to the palate. In ancient times this flower formed one of the greatest of confectionery delicacies, and with the extract of this flower was made a species of sherbet (water-ice) that was delicious. In some regions of eastern Europe it is to-day the custom to mix violets, roses, and limes with sweetmeats in order to add a floral tincture to the taste of fruit. In Turkey sweets are made of carnations, lilies, and lavender. Floral sandwiches are made in Greece and Turkey with nasturtiums, a most edible flower which grows in most warm and temperate climates in profusion. Sandwiches are also eaten of peppermint most finely ground and spread over thinly sliced radishes between even more thinly sliced (and buttered) bread. It is said that the dahlia is an excellent food, though somewhat acrid. In the kitchens of China and Japan flowers are almost as much in use as vegetables in the preparation of rare dishes. There a cook is said to be able to prepare an entire banquet made exclusively of stock of special flowers.

Indications of Long Life

It seems to be generally agreed that every person affords physical indications of his prospects of a long or short life. A long-lived person, it is said, may be distinguished at sight from a short-lived one. In many cases a physician can glance at the hand of a patient and determine whether he will live or not. The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, as well as the brain, shall be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall while sitting and short while standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm, with short fingers. The brain will be deeply placed, as shown by the low position of the orifice of the ear. The blue, brown, or hazel eye is a favorable indication. The nostrils, if large, open, and free, indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs. These are general points of distinction, but are, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions.

Umbrellas With Windows

Parisians now carry umbrellas with windows of tinsel or mica; the latter are either arranged to be inserted into the ordinary umbrella or may constitute a part of the article itself. These windows permit one to see clearly when carrying one's umbrella in front of one. It is prophesized that the next step will be toward transparent umbrellas—that is, umbrellas through which the pedestrian can see without being himself recognized.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

No Medicine So Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in daytime. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night, and a wide-awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloated feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts food she is well, and says she don't think she could do without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SLICED BUILDINGS

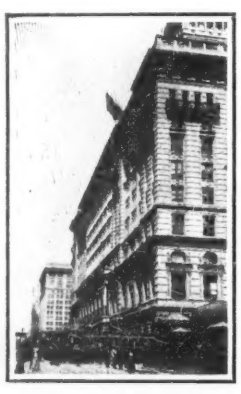
By ALLAN BALL

Some finished contributions to New York's sky-line

"THE city beautiful" is in some danger of being a shop-worn phrase among us long before it is a happy reality. It is becoming familiar to the jaded sense of the newspaper-reading public, while it suffers our usual need of the Socratic tonic of definition. Moreover, the phrase lends itself to perversion. It plausibly excites the antagonism of the pig-headed, and very few people seem to have cared to linger upon its obvious but practically esoteric application to matters of commonplace construction. It suggests occasional splendid vistas, diagonal avenues perhaps, and monumental arrangements of civic centers. Its more constant concern with the economical blocks of buildings in which city dwellers have ordinarily to live and do business, is for most of us quite too unaffecting.

In fact, even the esthetic souls that derive the greatest distress from the ugliness which commonly characterizes our city streets and skyward contours rarely analyze with precision the sources of their pain; and naturally the stirring of the great public, which is very inadequately distressed indeed, has been even less effective. Under the circumstances a little unpretentious dogmatism may perhaps do us good.

The chief trouble with the sky-line of a sky-scraping city is not that it is irregular. Call the place a city of towers and instantly the idea of the irregularity becomes one of romance and charm. The trouble is evidently that our tall buildings, rising high above their surroundings and needing all the detachment possible, are still so infrequently treated as the towers which they are. They stand leering in one direction or the other, with an exaggerated cornice sticking out on one or two sides and wholly omitted on the rest of their outline, in the presumable expectation that somebody else's building is to-morrow going to lean sociably up against them. And still more is this true of buildings of more ordinary dimensions. Street fronts are treated with lavish expense, apparently in an ostrich-like application of the theory that the other sides are not seen at all.

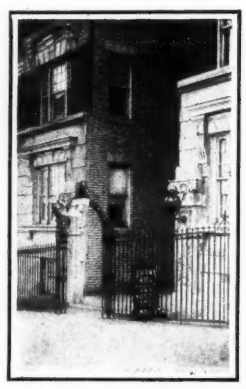


A block front in one symmetrical design

It is not merely that the side walls are ugly or even quite blank. There is nothing essentially ugly about a blank wall if it is a well-shaped one and looks as if it were intended to be seen. It is not even necessary to accuse the builder of meanness in the matter. The trouble is that the side walls so commonly have no apparent relation to the front one—that the faces of the building are treated as unrelated surfaces rather than as aspects of one structural mass. It is the somewhat comical but unhappy assumption which seems to prevail in the subconsciousness of most of the people who have anything to do with the making of city buildings, that the surface of the building which follows the street line is the building's face and all the other sides are, so to speak, back hair.

Ugly Slices on Broadway

We need, it would seem, not exactly a Daniel come to judgment, but the Socrates already recalled, to question us as to what we mean by the front of a house, what is the nature and essence of our idea of a front, why a front is, and how in reason it should be, treated. And after permitting us the easy observation that the front of a house is treated with more care and expense than the back and sides because it is more conspicuous than they, perhaps our esthetic Socrates would lure us on with an inquiry about the cases where the sides are just as conspicuous as the front is, and often, in fact, can be seen from a much greater distance down the street. With a Ruskin jogging at his elbow he might ask if our sincerity-loving imaginations have no right, even when the lateral exhibit is not actually so extensive, to be encouraged by the little which they do see around the corner. In time he might have our artistic consciences quite awake.



Putting a different face on it

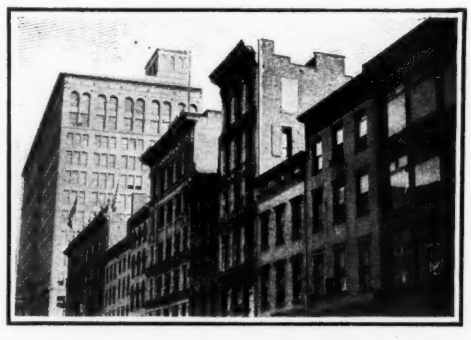
The present perverted idea is, of course, largely a consequence of the practical fact that city blocks are not generally built up as whole buildings, but in slices of buildings. The true conception of a building, naturally, is of a structure standing free with an external surface all around—not a lean-to. That is why, in our too rare instances of a city block built up in one symmetrical plan, the architectural result seems so fine even when the details are individually far from perfect. The obvious misfortune that we have been forced to habituate ourselves to mere vertical sections of buildings instead of whole ones, and then the drearily familiar exhibit, by the occasional vacant lot, of the side wall of a building that is expected ultimately to be concealed, have accustomed our eyes to the side wall as a normal thing to see, with its uncouth sky-line and the visibly thin skin of more ornate masonry defining the street façade at the end. If this sight were limited to places which may really be expected to be concealed subsequently it would be tolerable. But it is not. Such a limitation has apparently perished from the speculative builder's ideal. Alleys and even front courts of expensive apartment-houses, otherwise highly presentable, are left with substantially the same arrangement. Sometimes it seems as if a subtle transposition of design had taken place, and as if, instead of the builder's thinking of the front as an aspect of the building, he thought of the building as a system of props and buttresses to hold the front up to the street.

The worst phase of the situation is along the cornice line. The profile of the sliced end of a sheet-iron cornice—unhappy invention—projecting like a visor from a front wall, which itself rises visibly a few feet above the actual building which subsides behind, is one of the perhaps few really ugly things in the universe. One can see why a projecting cornice is not carried around over a narrow court where the purpose is to admit the greatest possible amount of light; and the reason why the cornice is not carried around the side of the building to overhang some one else's real estate is perhaps also convincing. But these difficulties are not insurmountable. In fact, there is no very clear reason, either practical or artistic, why, under the circumstances, the cornice should be there at all.

It seems, indeed, as if there were some elementary perversity inherent in all this business: when, for instance, the material of the ornate front is a fine red brick, the side, instead of approximating this color in a cheaper material, is likely, in some communities at least, to be done in a cheap white or yellow brick; or, if the masonry of the street façade is light in color, then red brick is the cheap material of the lateral walls.

The phenomenon is not essentially of recent origin nor exclusively of American city conditions. Italy in the Renaissance produced buildings that exhibit the same kind of vice, to say nothing of our own occasional corner house of two generations ago with a street front in brownstone and—beginning about four inches around the corner on the avenue side, or *vice versa*—the other façade in red brick; and many a New England farm-house has glistened with white paint on its front and ends, while painted red, a little more cheaply, on its rear wall, this being less frequently seen by the stranger, and always, to the New England consciousness, with the subtle psychological difference suggested by the back door. Many a country store in many a dreary village to-day, roofed in a style that calls for a gable in front, rises in a spurious façade of clapboards to a horizontal cornice line, with a view, no doubt, of appearing metropolitan, though the slightness of the ugly pretense is apparent to everybody who does not take the trouble to stand squarely opposite its front. The famous and beautiful City Hall of New York, facing southward toward the town of its day, was built of marble on its southern and eastern and western faces, but of slightly cheaper stone on its northern side, it is said, upon the quaint supposition that nobody would ever approach it from the north.

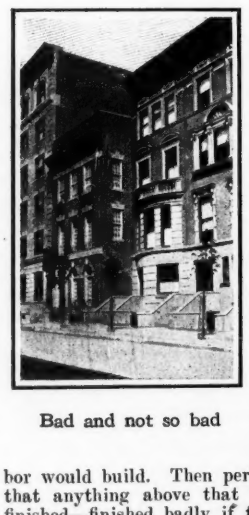
This sort of thing is not quite a question of sincerity, for there is no real concealment. If there were it would not be so bad. It is a question of harmony and artistic solidity, unity, simplicity even, not to say decency. Nor is the difficulty of cure chiefly a matter of financial economy, though the average builder would no doubt promptly put it that way. The fault is not that the side wall is made of brick any more than that the front wall is made of stone—that the side wall is cheap any more than that the street wall is expensive. It is that the evidence of care and design is not evenly distributed wherever it will show at all; even that the thinness of the front veneer as shamelessly revealed at the edge, as a tawdry lining is disclosed in a torn or distorted overcoat. Less money might well be spent upon the front for the sake of the harmony of the whole.



Slices on a typical street

Perhaps the evil is in large part a consequence of the necessary architectural custom of studying and presenting a design in "elevation" rather than in "perspective." However well the architect realizes what the effect will be, his client, who is being pleased in advance, has a much less vivid sense of it and rejoices in the drawing of the attractive façade without imagining how it will look in combination with the view around the corner.

Governmental regulation in esthetic matters is, in this country, still a feeble and ill-nourished infant. The best architects have of themselves dealt with the problem satisfactorily in a few conspicuously high buildings by making them the symmetrical towers which are the logical solution. It would seem, however, as if for ordinary buildings and ordinary builders a code of legal limitations might be imagined that would not transcend acceptability and would include a prescription of a definite height for a given street or locality, say, not as the limit of height to which the owner might be permitted to build, but as the limit to which he would have the right to assume that his neighbor would build. Then perhaps it might be required that anything above that height would have to be finished—finished badly if the owner prefers, finished consistently if he has a sense of the fitness of things—but at any rate ostensibly finished on all its faces.

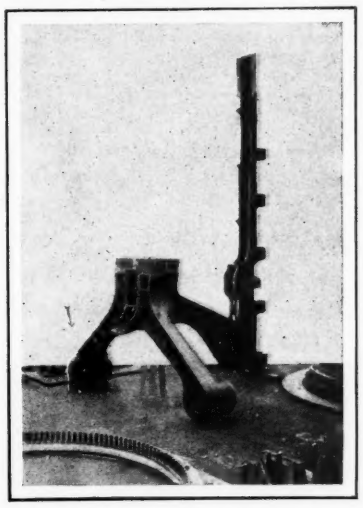


Bad and not so bad

The Largest Rudder-post in the World

THE lofty chimney-like tower shown in the accompanying photograph is the rudder-post or hinge of the largest rudder in the world. Its enormous proportions can only be judged by the figure of the workman standing at the right of the base. The casting is a detail of the S.S. *Imperator*, of the Hamburg-American Line, the largest ship in the world.

The casting actually measures fifty-three feet in height. It is in two sections and weighs one hundred tons. The forward part will support two of the four propellers. Obviously a ship which is wagged by so large a tail must be enormous. The *Imperator* measures 900 feet in length and 96 feet in width. She is a veritable sky-scraper, towering nine decks above the water-line. Her cabins accommodate the



A hundred-ton rudder-post

population of a small town. Her enormous engines of 70,000 horse-power will give her an average speed of twenty-two and one-half knots per hour.

The construction of the *Imperator* and her equipment with safety devices will conform to the German laws, which are the most rigid in the world. She will have a double bottom, many transverse bulkheads, and her coal-bunkers will be distributed along the sides, practically giving her a double skin. Her equipment will include the Frahm anti-rolling tanks, which will render her steady in the roughest weather. She will carry sixty lifeboats and many collapsible boats and rafts, providing ample room for passengers and crew.

The White Rhinoceros

THE white rhinoceros is not much whiter than the common rhinoceros, but instead of ending in a triangular upper lip its muzzle is square. The white rhinoceros is the largest animal on earth with the exception of the elephant. The common rhinoceros lives on leaves, roots, and bulbs, which he digs up with his frontal horn. The common rhinoceros is vicious and cruel; the white rhinoceros is calm and lazy, living exclusively on grass and herbage. Though long regarded as a one-horned animal, he has two horns; but the smaller of the two, set back of the frontal horn, is so rudimentary that it is not seen from a distance. The forward horn is four and one-half feet in length, and one of its sides is flat. Some of the frontal horns are grooved. The white rhinoceros closely resembles the unicorn of antique legends, whose horns, when used as drinking-vessels, sterilized poisons and rendered them harmless.

Radiographing Pearl Oysters

THE application of X-rays to pearl oysters is now a fact. The origin of the substance produced by a secretion special to mussels and oysters is still a matter of scientific discussion. The pearly formation seems to originate in a sort of cyst caused by a parasite and hardened by calcification. The pearl is usually found in the thick part of the flesh of the mollusk. If not found there it is in the interior of the shell.

Millions of oysters have been sacrificed annually in the search for pearls, and the beds have been impoverished, while the decaying of the oysters has proved a menace to health. Mollusks have lain in heaps from sixty to ninety feet long and from eighteen to one hundred and twenty feet deep. When the contents of the shells began to decay the shreds were "washed," sorted, and examined. Those containing pearly grains were put into a receptacle, the diluted water was drained off, and if there were grains large enough to be saved they were found in the mud left by the drainage. At times this method of obtaining pearls resulted in pestilence.

In 1901 a professor of biology of the University of Lyons presented the Linnæan Society of Lyons with radiographs of a pearl mussel and a pearl oyster. An American electrical engineer who had visited the professor of biology in his laboratory saw the pictures, perceived the possibilities of pearl-hunting with X-rays, and opened a curious pearl-hunting establishment on the island of Ipantiva. The shell-fish are ranged in groups of ten in cases of one hundred capacity and carried at once into the radiographic room. The cases are run in on a rapidly rolling walk, and in less than one minute the collection passes before the apparatus and is radiographed. Three hundred and sixty thousand oysters are pictured per hour—six thousand per minute. The exposure to the rays is too brief to be felt by the tenant of the shell. The operation is performed with mathematical regularity. The picture is made directly on sensitive paper and in such a way that the exact place of every oyster in the cases can be seen at a glance. If a pearl is of sufficient size the bivalve is opened at once. Oysters containing very small pearls are "put out to nurse," while those without pearls are put on the "reserve banks" in the sea. The apparatus used is very powerful and so arranged that the calorific rays cannot affect the oysters. The room is lighted by lamps with red and yellow shades. Two, or at most three, persons do all the work. The radiograph shows the pearl distinctly through the shell.

How the Earth Dried

WHEN water is decomposed by radium or by ultra-violet rays it produces hydrogen and peroxide of hydrogen, and it does not form oxygen. Electrolytic decomposition forms oxygen.

A German investigator bases a new theory relating to the drying of the earth on the fact that one form of decomposition produces oxygen, while the other form does not. Part of the water vapor emitted by the seas is decomposed by the ultra-violet rays of the sun; the hydrogen formed rises toward the high atmospheric strata, and all the water does not return to the surface. Therefore, the quantity of water on the face of the globe is always diminishing and the earth is incessantly, if gradually, drying. To cite one example: on the north side of the Alps there is a continual falling off in the depth of the lakes and a gradual formation of swamps. Two hundred and fifty years ago there were 149 lakes in the canton of Zurich, to-day there are 76. The destruction of the forests and the cultivation of the land partially explain this, but the loss of hydrogen is an important factor. The hydrogen accumulated in the higher atmosphere is diffused in interstellar space.

The Oldest of Bank-notes

IT is held that the oldest bank-notes are the "flying money" or "convenient money" of China. Originally these notes were issued by the Chinese treasury, but experience dictated a change to the system of banks under governmental control.

The early Chinese bank-notes were, in most essentials, similar to the modern bank-note, bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, words, and pictorial representations of coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to the full value of the note, together with a notice of the penalties for counterfeiting.

There was also a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift in these terms: "Produce all you can; spend with economy."

The notes were in blue ink on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry-tree.

The Trade in Human Hair

THE weight of a full growth of hair averages about half a pound. In recent years, in response to the dictates of fashion, the hair trade has attained enormous proportions. In one year Germany imported approximately 450,000 pounds and exported more than half that amount. Of the exports something like 42,000 pounds were sent to this country. But Germany was not the only source of our supply. Much of the hair handled is from China, although it is the cheapest because the supply is abundant and the quality coarse.

One great center of the human-hair trade is Bohemia, where a specialty is made of preparing it. The price is regulated by fineness, color, and length, although length is the chief consideration. Natural white hair brings a high figure—sometimes as high as a hundred dollars a pound. Substitutes of vegetable fiber have been offered, but these are too brittle.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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HEAVY LOAD ON A HOT DAY

NO PLAYTIME FOR HER

FROM STIFLING TENEMENT TO SEASHORE and COUNTRY

Do you know that the New Yorker living below Fourteenth Street has an average of only 18 square feet of breathing space? Can you imagine anyone more in need of fresh air outings than these dwellers in sultry homes, hemmed in by scorching pavements?

Poor mothers, children and babies, broken with toil, ill-nurtured, or frail, appeal through us to you for a bit of sunshine and relief from care in the country, or at Sea Breeze, our seashore Home at Coney Island.

Won't you help them? The trouble of sending a contribution is nothing compared to the joy that it will bring to some of these stifling homes.

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IN NEED OF FRESH AIR

WHO SAID WE ARE AFRAID?

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

The Comic Again

THE heat of present verbal conflicts has brought out nothing more amusing than the widely expressed fear, that if economic independence and a different civic status are given to women, women will cease to marry. The fear continually flames up, and it shows such a diverting attitude on the part of those who express it. On inspection their words are found to contain the astonishing belief that the only reason why women marry is because nothing else is open to them. If it is a man who protests that there is danger to the birth-rate he discloses a pathetic state of modesty on the part of his sex. They have only contrived to bring about contracts of marriage by concealing from the party of the second part how very much nicer everything else was. The security of their position depended entirely on continued concealment, and here they are about to have their ruse brutally exposed. It is a marvel that the entire movement has not ended in a world-chuckle. When it is a woman who declares that women may cease to marry—though it very seldom is—one fairly blushes for the lady. This open confession of centuries of make-shift and second-best, muffled in the most plausible cant, causes genuine embarrassment to run through the shimmer of laughter which plays about the subject.

The Anglo-Saxon is so drolly oriental at heart and seraglio instincts appear so funnily incongruous when they are unexpectedly uncovered in a conversational fray. If the modern trend is really against the nature of women, wherein lies the danger, since it can come to nothing? Yet danger is precisely the word displayed on all the frantically flying banners. We are even told that Sparta ended, and ended in four generations, because women undertook the government and conducted it with such ability that they had no time for marriage. Which is to call the closing of a subject the effect, the effect the cause, while the genuine cause is left out of the calculation entirely. In this case the women only governed because the men were all away in the wars; and if men are never at home to marry, but are always away getting killed, cessation in four generations could hardly have been prevented. By letting the government go to pieces the women would not have saved things.

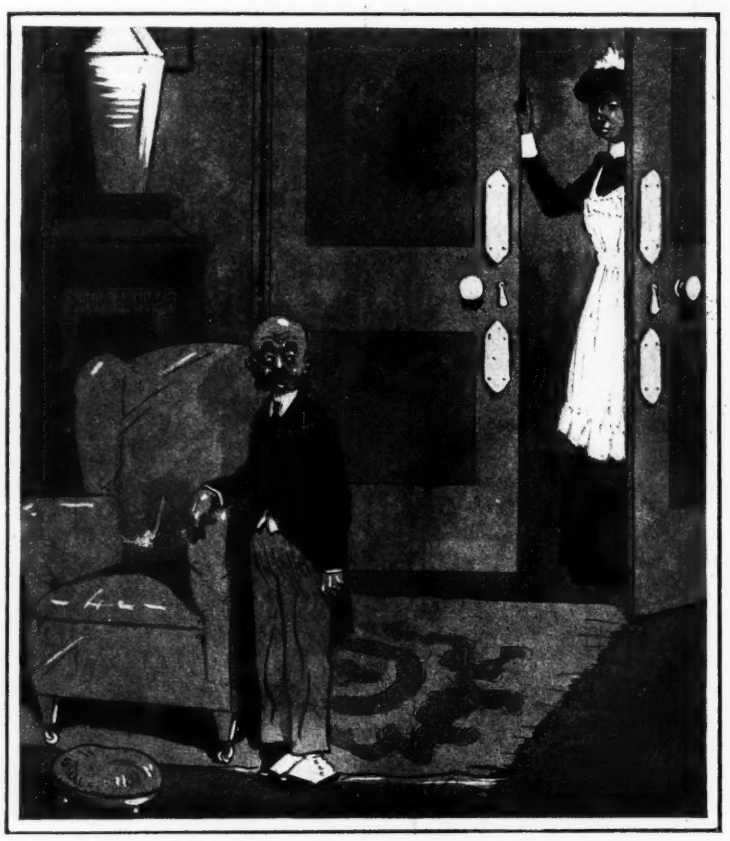
This terror of extinction is too uncomplimentary to the men, not to speak of its slur on Nature. Nature has never shown any hesitation or inability in managing us. It is we who are still struggling to establish the most rudimentary management of Nature. If we deviate she pulls us back every time. If two geniuses or two extremely tall people marry we might hope for a superman or a giant in the second generation, but Nature swings us back to the mode and we get an ordinary, if not an uncommonly ordinary, human being of average height. Nature wields us with such supreme ease! She starts each person off as near the normal as her laws will allow, which is a great deal nearer than our antecedents deserve, and for us to suggest that she would be in the least outrivaled by the allures of bachelor apartments, office desks, and personal bank-accounts is for us to land ourselves in the midst of the irresistibly comic, a vicinity we constantly skirt.

Another of the wholly solemn contentions is that if women attain too great education and freedom they will be intolerant of the men they now contentedly marry. Precisely, and it is here that the two contentions are connected. What could be a more sure way for Nature to raise the standard of her race, which philanthropy is constantly lowering, than by making the better type of man marry—a thing she has always found it most difficult to do? The women of the future will have none but the best, which will have the double virtue of increasing the finer kind and making it exceedingly difficult for the drab and average gentleman to reproduce himself. It is not at all a dreadful prospect. It sounds as though we all might some day be very charming people.

When we hear it said, 'But if the women become so much better than they are now what is going to become of the men who are as they are now?" every one seems to consider it entirely hopeless that the men should change. Their only solution is that the women should be prevented from changing. This again is uncomplimentary to the men. Every one seems to be battering the men in an unconscious but thorough way. It surely is not out of the question that men should take a step forward. They are static to a degree, but not wholly so.

It occurred to the women that they were rather cowardly and rather parasitical and rather dull, and they said, "It would be a good and an amusing idea to make ourselves more worth while, and it could in all probability be done"—with the result which every one has seen. A result not yet cataclysmic, though it is a result that is only a beginning. The women will have their hands very full for a long time to come. They will not have so much as a single eye for criticizing the attempts of other stumblers. What could be a more perfect opportunity for the men to put their own house in order? When the women pause to take account they may find, if the men have been very agile, that they are still the weaker sex. Upon which every one can again settle down for some thousands of years until the situation again gets musty.

In the interval it seems safe to assume that the women will marry, and, there being nothing else to marry, they will probably marry the men. There is precedence back of it, there is the ingrained habit of doing it, there is a penchant for it, and then, as four final and clinching arguments, there are the women themselves, unavoidable nature, the—one might as well be honest—the men, and, above all, the babies.



MR. HENPECK: "Is my wife going out, Jane?"
JANE: "Yessir."
MR. HENPECK: "Do you know if I am going with her?"
From "The Tatler.

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Sea Sorrow

I RUSH to meet the sea with rapture fleet,
  And watch the limpid waters curve and break
With quiet questionings in bruised silence,
  Then shift and sink away and then forsake
The sand's hot answer in their chaste retreat.

And slowly the sea's music whispers low
  Of dreams of perished crews and cargoes lost,
And sings with misty sighs of distant silence,
  Of ghosts of ships that rise along the coast
And cry out in the wind majestic woe.

Then pale and paler grows the evening sea,
  Its surface silver with those widows' tears,
Whose hopes have scanned the bleak horizon's silence,—
  Covering far below the seaweed biers
That guard those deep-drowned sailors peacefully.

And I turn back, my heart sunk in the deep,
  My happy heart turned traitor to its joy
Upon the anchor of this mystic silence—
  The twilight gold is buried in alloy
Of darkness as the waters fall asleep.

GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

Ikons

EVERYWHERE in the Tsar's dominions are to be seen the ikons, or sacred pictures. They may be seen on shelves opposite the doors of private houses, in shops and mercantile establishments, and even in railway ticket-offices. Many are set up in the very streets themselves and before these the devout stop and make obeisance.

Foreigners are struck with astonishment when the driver of their *droshky* suddenly stops in the middle of a road, pulls off his cap, and mutters a few words of prayer. The driver's devotion to the ikon is as extraordinary to the foreigner as the crossing of himself by a Russian about to intrust himself and his vehicle to a bridge.

The ikons vary greatly in material and in value, but differ little in style. They are nearly always Byzantine and are faithfully copied from some old picture, which, in turn, is a slavish copy of another.

For the most part these ikons are made by peasants working in their cottages. The ikon passes from hand to hand, one man making the boards, another painting the background, a third sketching in the figures, and so on, from worker to worker, until the picture is finished. It has been estimated that every year about two millions of ikons are turned out in Russia.

Many of the ikons displayed in churches are of great value, such as, for instance, that of "Our Lady of Kazan" in the cathedral at St. Petersburg. This ikon contains many precious stones and is covered with very costly silk.

Dwarf Elephants

AN English official in Uganda claims to have seen a herd of dwarf elephants, the existence of which has often been affirmed by natives. When recently seen the company consisted of from thirty to forty individual elephants meandering in solitary fashion over a plain. The observer was most astonished at the weak defenses offered by their bodies. None of them had a tusk of more than ten kilogrammes in weight. A dead member of the flock was afterward found the tusk of which weighed but eight kilogrammes.

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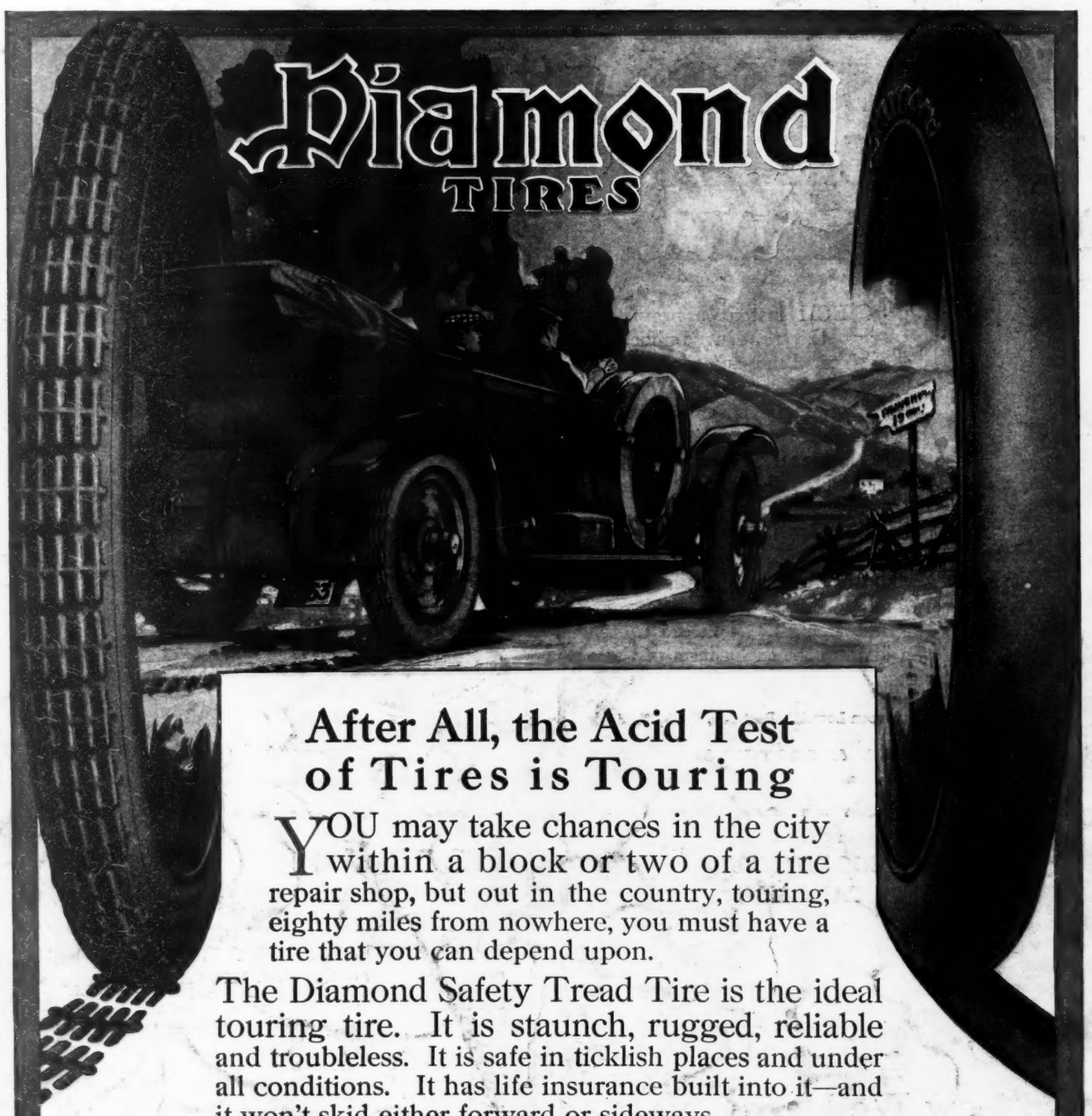

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